THIS QUARTER

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THIS QUARTER

December

EDITORIALLY :

EDITORIAL PERPLEXITY

We are perplexed, frankly and sincerely. It is probably no rare occasion for editors to be perplexed. More likely than not perplexity is a normal editorial state, if editors would but admit. In particular our perplexity is due to accumulated evidence of the mutability of scientific tradition and of the continued hankering after, and affectionate clinging to, science, for all that it has so often left us in the lurch. We are moreover apprehensive that the more we pay tribute to scientific catchwords, the more purse-proud, as it were, we become over every real or fancied addition to the treasure chest of science—we who have not actively contributed to it—, the heavier must become the strain on our capacity to endure inconsistency, confusion and disappointment. We apprehend that as religion had to cede ground to science, scientific preoccupation will in turn yield to religion or at least to a congeneric mysticism or fervour, and thought itself may then cease to be creative and constructive, becoming instead merely reflective or vaguely ruminating. Can it be, we wonder, that there is an appointed span for religious as well as scientific movements, for religions and sciences as such, on terminating which they fatally interchange ?

Prof. Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World* has for some two or three years been a fashionable book to read. Editors have read it to add to their congenital perplexity. Whatever other merits the book may have, it has this certain one, that whoever has read it loses little time in letting the fact be known. It occurs to us that although neither religion nor science stands in any blood relationship to reason, yet, like those particular " directions of

reason" Prof. Whitehead speaks of, religions and sciences, too, emerge, unfold, attain their triumph, mould mankind's springs of action and, arrived at the moment of supreme success, reveal their limitations. Often their futility.

LOGIC DETHRONED

Without going far afield let reference be made to a recently published work on logic*. The book left us gasping. Although by no means easy reading, we read it rapidly. It left us stripped of much of our hitherto quite serviceable, if well-worn, mental habiliment. We lay no claim to much reading in treatises of logic, but from earliest schoolday reading until now we have never found logic defined more or less otherwise than as the *science* of thought or reasoning or inference, or—according to Croce—of intellectual knowledge. This work on *The Province of Logic* denies, point blank, that logic is a science. It distinguishes, in fact, logic from the sciences. It refuses to define logic. It only describes logic as a study of thinking; designates it as " thinking about thinking." Having closed the book, we felt as if the ground had been cut from under out scholastic feet. Our loss of the sense of permanence was all the keener that, on reflection, we could not help feeling that the author has proved his case not only with respect to logic, but disturbed our notions of science in general. " Science "—we read in the book—" is systematic, sane and successful opinion. It is based of course on knowledge, like all opinion, but it is not knowledge, but opinion, as we are every day reminded by the reversal of theories that we had imagined to be established." (Op. cit., p. 50.)

Only a flippant or flagitious influence—what other could it be? —could have induced the late Prof. Cook Wilson to single out and retain grammar amongst the sciences, when it is obviously all but on its last legs. Has the reader not noticed overwhelming grammar in those who have least logic?—Many of the book's pages are devoted to psychology, which the author not only classes definitely amongst the sciences, but he declares it to be a non-logical study necessary to logic. At this point, an appended note, to the effect that the account of the distinction between logic and psychology is an early one, much out of tune with Cook Wilson's more mature views, and hence not worth while discussing, gives an inkling, we fear, of the fate of another science trembling in the balance.

* *The Province of Logic, An Interpretation of Certain Parts of Cook Wilson's* Statement and Inference," by Richard Robinson. London, Routlege & Sons, 1931.

CHAOTIC PSYCHOLOGY

In a paper entitled " A Framework of Psychology" (*Psyche*, July, 1931), the author, C. Daly King, laments the absence of any general and comprehensive theoretical psychology covering, at least in principle, the entire field of the science. He laments the frequent conclusion reached by students and inquirers that there is no science at all, but only a series of unconnected, dissenting " schools " and specialists engaged upon problems of detail without any agreed viewpoint being perceptible of the science as a whole, from which the psychological significance of the problems might be judged. It is an echo of what we read in *The Province of Logic* : " But in logic we mostly do not know. Logic is full of controversies on many matters. One logician does not accept the findings of another.... There must be as many different views of the province of logic as there are different logics" &c., &c.—At all events, Mr. C. Daly King, the author of the essay in *Psyche*, proceeds to save the precarious psychological situation by offering a new psychology which, he claims, presents "a complete theoretical framework of the science."

We are troubled by no incumbent call to utter any prophecies concerning the prospects of Mr. King's enterprise, but we venture the opinion that if psychology as a science has fallen on evil days —we are far from saying ourselves that it has—, if it threatens to become no more than a study or an art, to deteriorate into a cult of some sort, another phrenology, perhaps, it will not be due to any lack of co-ordination or coherence amongst the schools or specialists, or to the fact that they are unorganized or disorganized. It will be due entirely to the fact that interlopers have been making too free with it and usurped it for inappropriate and (to itself) subversive uses. We have in mind the rape of one of psychology's youngest branches: Analytical Psychology.

CRITICISM VIA PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

Personally we are interested in analytical psychology only in as far as attempts have been made again and again " to raid it in the interests of another science, literary criticism."* Our foible is literary criticism, not psychology. It is much more than foible. It affects us almost as profoundly as it affects Mr. Middleton Murry, who wrote in *Discoveries* : " There are moments when criticism of a particular kind, the only kind I care for, utterly absorbs me. I feel that I am touching a mystery." But the criticism and the mystery which draw us like a loadstone are not the same as those that so utterly absorb Mr. Murry. " There is a wall "—he continues—"as it were, of dense, warm darkness

*Herbert Read, *Reason and Romanticism*. Faber, London.

before me—a darkness which is secretly alive and thrilling to the senses. This, I believe, is the reflection in myself of the darkness which broods over the poet's creative mind. It forms slowly and gradually gathers while I read his work. The sense of mystery deepens and deepens; but the quality of the mystery becomes more plain. There is a moment when, as though unconsciously and out of my control, the deeper rhythm of a poet's work, the rise and fall of the great moods which determined what he was and what he wrote, enter into me also. I feel his presence; I am obedient to it, and it seems to me as though the breathing of my spirit is at one with his." This criticism—if cinema is criticism—and this mystery, are not what absorbs or bewilders us.

Mr. Middleton Murry is a highly reputed English critic of letters. For him to sit down to a piece of literary criticism is as much or as little of a job as is any other occupation that calls for a certain amount of reflective or comparative thinking. That, primed and tuned up, he can sit himself down at his desk and *ad lib.* call on this or that poet's great moods and wheedle them into descending upon him and into him,—*that* is the great mystery; and the miracle of miracles, the ability to survive it all. How is it done?—But what a life: moods of vicarious incest before you can be told what the critic thinks of Shelley's *The Cenci*; moods of parricide before the merits or demerits of Schiller's *Robbers* can be given to the world; moods leading to the doings of Byron's *Don Juan!* And we dread to think of all the appalling things that must, in mood, be vicariously experienced before a critical essay on the American poet Jeffers can be composed. On the other hand, what capital fun preparing a piece on John Collier's *His Monkey Wife!* But as this is clearly not the psycho-analytical method of literary criticism, we shall not pursue it further.

'SCIENTIFIC' CRITICISM

Mr. Herbert Read, in the essay already referred to, examines the question whether psychology can be helpful in the creation of a scientific literary criticism or whether it can bring about the extension in any way of the function of criticism. This question has been raised before, and unless we are mistaken, it was raised for the first time in the eighties by Emile Hennequin in *La Critique Scientifique*. It cannot be denied that psycho-analytical criticism has, in fact, attained a certain vogue. Risking the charge of dogmatism, we will say that writers who base their literary critical dicta on psycho-analytical theory or data misconceive the function of literary criticism. That they so misconceive it is sufficiently proved by the fact that, instead of furnishing artistic reasons for whatever judgement they have to justify, they, in fact, advance psychological, physical or pathological ones, as they might, if they would, as

congruously or incongruously work with historical, economic or political reasons.

Mr. Read relies largely on the theories of Dr. Jung in developing the reasons by which he arrives at whatever answer there is to the question he propounded. As an example of how psychoanalysis is susceptible of supplying a corrective to the narrowness of—shall we say ?—orthodox criticism, he pins his faith to Dr. Ernest Jones's essay on *The Problem of Hamlet*, which he considers as the only way out of the critical impasse. Mr. Read recalls that for nearly two hundred years critics found it difficult to account on artistic grounds for Hamlet's hesitancy in seeking to revenge his father's murder. He writes : " There are two main points of view : one, that of Goethe and Coleridge, finds a sufficient explanation of the inconsistencies of the play in the temperament of Hamlet, whom they regard as a noble nature, but one incapable of decisive action of any kind—'without that energy of the soul which constitutes the hero,' as Goethe expresses it." Others account for Hamlet's hesitancy on the grounds of the difficulty of the task. Mr. Read expresses his preference for the solution offered by Dr. Jones, who, having subjected Hamlet to an elaborate psychological study, discovered in him the typical symptoms of the Oedipus Complex. This, to Mr. Read's mind, constitutes a plausible explanation of the difficulties and incoherences of the play's action. We shall presently return to the quotation from Goethe about " the energy of the soul which constitues a hero," and shall now ask only if one needs be a hero to kill one's stepfather or would Hamlet have been a hero if he had not hesitated ?

'HAMLET' A CURTAIN-RAISER

We doubt if Mr. Read would have attached so much weight to Dr. Jones's thesis, had he read his favourite Dr. Jung with greater care. We read on p. 228 of Dr. Jung's *Contributions to Analytical Psychology* : " All doubtless have had parents, all have a so-called father- and mother-complex, all have the onus of sexuality and, therewith, certain general and typical human difficulties. That one poet is influenced more by the relation to the father, another by the tie to the mother, while a third reveals unmistakable traces of repressed sexuality in his works—all this can be said equally well not only of every neurotic, but also of every normal human being. Hence nothing specific is thereby gained for the judgement of a work of art." If that is so and if—as Dr. Jung says in the same connexion—" certain psychic pre-conditions are universally present and because of the relative similarity of human conditions of life these are constantly the same, whether in the case of a nervous intellectual, a poet, or a normal human being," it

only follows that Hamlet presents no difficulties, mental peculiarities or problems other than properly belong to a character such as his.

Hamlet certainly presented no difficulties to Goethe. But then Goethe was a great artist and a great sage, and when once or twice in a long time it happens that these rare qualities co-exist in one person, that person alone possesses the equipment, the indulgent insight, the balanced sensibilities, the native familiarity with the rhythms and harmonies even of discordant inequalities to judge and if need be interpret a work of art. Goethe considered the plan of the play the greatest ever invented : " Indeed," he wrote, " it is not invented, it *is* so." Again and again he recurs to the play in *Wilhelm Meister* and speaks his mind about it, but refrains from comment or—shall we say ?—critical opinion : " Ich will nichts auslegen,... ich will nur vorstellen, was ich mir denke."—" The time is out of joint : O cursed spite, that I was ever born to set it right," he considered the key to Hamlet's entire conduct, and it was plain to him that Shakespeare had intended to portray a soul unequal to the great task laid upon it. In that sense he felt the play consistently executed throughout. The protagonist appeared to him as " a beautiful, pure, noble, most moral being without the sensuous energy* that makes the hero, perishing under the burden he can neither carry nor shake off." In the *Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann*, speaking again of *Hamlet*, Goethe says : "And indeed, we constantly see in all that he has achieved the same productive power; and in all his plays we never come upon a passage of which it could be said that it was not written in the proper mood or with the most perfect faculty. Reading him we receive the impression of a man always in complete strength and health of mind and body."

But may not one offer another solution of the supposed dramaturgical difficulties in *Hamlet* ? It must not be forgotten that Shakespeare was not only a poet and playwright. He was also a shrewd practical showman. It is clear that if after the appearance of the ghost Hamlet had immediately executed the task put upon him, Shakespeare would have been unable to provide an evening's entertainment. He would have produced a mere curtain-raiser and practically none of that poetry which has become an integral part of the world's greatest literature. Any undue hesitancy and loss of time in the execution of the commandment laid upon Hamlet, practical and technical exigencies fully justified, which would be as good an explanation as any other.

*" *Sinnliche Stärke* " : stamina, might be the more modern way of rendering. Goethe did not use the word " soul " in that passage, Mr. Read's version notwithstanding. The above version is the writer's.

DOCTORS IN AGREEMENT We have quoted from Dr. Jung to the effect that nothing specific can be gained for the evaluation of a work of art by detailing or dwelling upon the author's difficulties which are typically human. This view finds fullest support in Dr. Otto Rank's paper on *Life and Artistic Creation*, which, we feel, our readers will read with pleasure and profit in the present issue of THIS QUARTER. Dr. Rank denies the relevance of biographical statement in critically judging a work of art. We all receive certain impressions in infancy and there are no privileges known that would exempt the artist from similarly experiencing them. If then the artist does in fact so experience them, is it not strange that such an ado is made about it?

"All this may well enough be as you say," the sacerdotal critics may reply to the qualified professors of analytical psychology, "but had you not rather stick to your last? — We are not intruding upon you with advice as to how you should build up your clinical material. If the study of an artist's work will furnish you with the means wherewith to diagnose your patient's case, more power to your elbow. So long as you judge content rather than quality —and to judge the latter you lack skill as well as experience—you are not treading on our toes. We have no intention of interfering with your job. But if we, in the exercise of ours, choose to put the cart before the horse, choose to proceed from the man to his work rather than the other way about, and pass judgement on the man's work by the knowledge of what may have driven him to produce it—well, that is our business, and literary criticism shall be thenceforth just that."

And the rejoinder passes muster, and critics, one after another —critics even with whom it has been a matter of strictest conscience to deal classically and categorically, if more or less emotionally, more or less log-rollingly, with the *subject-matter*—even these critics enter the ranks of the pirates and freebooters.

O FREUDS & JUNGS & RANKS! What is it, you priestly diviners, O Freuds, Jungs and Ranks! what is it that despite your outstretched finger's solemn warning, causes those worthy, respectable and well-meaning men to turn their backs upon the barren lands of their fathers and wayfare towards alien lands obviously as sterile? O sages before whom minds and hearts unclose as budding flowers open before the warmth of the sun, reveal to us the sources of that frenzy and the influences at work that we may be relieved of our perplexity! Mysteriously they reached out their tentacles, these influences, and laid violent hands on our level-headed, if learned, friend and collaborator,

Ludwig Lewisohn. For has he not, in his recent critical estimate on Herman Melville,* turned loose, as out of Pandora's box, all that sinister nomenclature known to analytical psychology? There was the inevitable "fixation on his mother," "hatred of father," "incest imagery," "taboo," "clinical material," "neurotic," &c. Our faith in Ludwig Lewisohn's literary integrity borders on religious principle, so that if he found it necessary psycho-analytically to belabel Herman Melville until he resembled a tourist's suitcase after it had left the ministrations of the label-sticking fraternity of Swiss hotel concierges, we would feel that Melville received no more than his due. That much admitted, may we not say in all urbanity that if, as Ludwig Lewisohn conceded, Melville "has superb moments," "undoubted vigour in his writing"; that if *Typee* and *Omoo* are like all Meville's books, "without charm, which is a mark of harmony, without sweetness, which is a mark of strength"; if "there are passages that have the epic touch"; "there are things of a rich and memorable quaintness in *Moby Dick*"; "there are brief unforgettable images,"—it is a great pity that the ranks of contemporary artists are not psychopathically similarly affected.

POMP & CIRCUMSTANCE

Prof. Giovanni Gentile does not specifically say so, but we shrewdly suspect that it is the use of psycho-analysis in the practice of criticism he has in mind when he inveighs against certain corollaries† of recent historiographies as being great errors from which we should free ourselves. Their doctrines put into practice, history of art would no longer have unity, but would be broken up into fragments of individuals identifiable by single works of art. Each of those individuals being separate self-contained entities, they would remain unrelated to one another. There would be a Dante, Ariosto, Leopardi, but there would be no Italian literature. There would be Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, but no Cinquecento painting; and so forth. According to Gentile, such disintegrating analysis would in the end do away even with the artist and leave no more than a series of art problems which in his lifetime he had had to face and bring to a solution in his work; not even a single one of his works would be saved in

*THIS QUARTER, JUNE, 1931.

† Giovanni Gentile, *La Filosofia dell'Arte*. Milano, Fratelli Treves, 1931. Mr. E. F. Carritt, of University College, Oxford, is now engaged in the preparation of an English translation of this important treatise, and this will be shortly published by the Black Manikin Press, 4, Rue Delambre, Paris.

its integrity. Such comminution would, clearly, result in the obliteration of all direction, continuity, homogeneity and tradition in national art; in the abolition of every national art idiom.

The spread of the psycho-analytical method of art criticism foreshadows a new mentality, a new attitude towards art values, at all events new standards of evaluation. We still need go no further than the pages of THIS QUARTER in search of evidence; still no further than Ludwig Lewisohn's paper on Melville. "More clearly than ever," he writes, "we now perceive—(thanks to the pertinence of analysis)—that the great artist is also the man of strong and valiant character, no Bohemian and eccentric and vagrant; we see why Shakespeare retired with a comfortable fortune and built him a house; and Milton and Goethe were servants of their states." According to this new criterion of artistic achievement, Walt Whitman, whom Ludwig Lewisohn designates as "the most strange and difficult figure in all our letters, and perhaps the greatest, certainly the most far-reaching, far-echoing poetic voice," could have been the great artist, the man of strong and valiant character, *only* while he held his government clerkship at Washington, and was Bohemian and eccentric and vagrant when he was dismissed from service as well as before he entered it. Poor Verlaine, certainly, was not a man of strong and valiant character, and he held no government job: hence he was no great artist. Neither of course was François Villon—how could he be?—nor Baudelaire nor Blake. And we might as well expunge the names of Hölderlin, Rilke, Nietzsche, Poe, Keats and Shelley from the roster of great artists. But by all means engrave in letters of gold the names of d'Annunzio, James Russell Lowell and John Hay.

"We are troubled on every side, but not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair."

E. W. T.

OTTO RANK

LIFE AND ARTISTIC CREATION*

When we turn from creative processes to experience, we recognize, first of all, that experience is the expression of the impulsive ego and creation an expression of the volitional ego. Any outer difficulties in the artist's experience must therefore be but the manifestation of the inner duality of impulse and volition, and in the creative type it is the latter which in the end gains the upper hand. Impulse leads to experience in life, ultimately to life's exhaustion, meaning death; but volition promotes creation, with eternity as the aim.

The creative individual, too, pays in work his toll to life, and, in bodily and mental suffering of a " neurotic " nature, to death. Yet, contrariwise, some creative act of a basically " neurotic " individual may conceivably constitute his one and only payment to life. No wonder, then, that long ago there were recognized two distinct classes of artist-type, known first as the Dionysian and the Apollonian, and later as the Classical and Romantic. According to our own dynamic viewpoint, the one borders upon the psychopathic impulsive type, the other upon the compulsive neurotico-volitional : the former creates out of plenitude of power and sublimation, the latter rather from exhaustion and compensation. The one's work is integral in each fractional expression; the other's is fractional even in its totality—since one fulfils himself in his work, while the other pays with it : pays not

* From *Art and the Artist*, shortly to be published in New York by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

society, for both do that, but life. One, by his work, seeks to evade or to be released from life; the other in his work expresses life itself.

This duality within one and the same type is of capital importance in the psychology of the creative artist and his productions. For while in the two classes of neurotics, those inhibited by fear and those by will, the form of the neurosis plays but a subordinate part as against the therapeutical solution of the inhibition itself, in the case of the creative artist the dynamic type determines not only the character of the art, but also its form.

The highly complicated problem of form must be left for another occasion; for the present we shall confine our attention to the experience common to both types of artist : a dynamic experience only intelligible in the light of the ideology of immortality. All types of creative artist have the tendency to substitute their individual immortality by voluntary self-perpetuation for the immortality of the multitude, grounded biologically in sexual reproduction. But this is no more than, relatively, a recent development of an already individualized immortality-ideology, for which the way was paved by attempts to create collective immortality-ideologies, with religion as the most important one. In a previous treatise, I have attempted to show how, even in the process of religious evolution, the concept of the mass-soul underwent gradual transformation into the concept of an individual deity, the artist subsequently falling heir to its attributes. I indicated also how the genesis of the concept of individual deity, which later found embodiment in human genius, had been subserved by art and, perhaps, had been made possible only by art. But at an early stage of art development, which coincided with the culmination of religious development, the individual artist had no status, the creative faculty still being attributed to God alone.

The individual artist, whose emergence from the

concept of a creative divinity I then sketched, no longer resorts to the collective ideology of religion in order to perpetuate himself, but makes use, instead, of the religion of personal genius which lies at the root of individual productivity. Primitive art, as the vehicle of a collective ideology, perpetuates by *abstraction*, and this has found its religious expression in the soul-concept; Classical art, founded, as it is, on the social art concept, perpetuates by *idealization*, and this has found its purest expression in the concept of beauty; finally, Modern art, which is based upon the individual genius concept, perpetuates by *concretizing*, and this process has found its most conspicuous expression in the personality cult of the artist's individuality as such. In contrast to the primitive stage, to-day the craftsman, and not the craft, is what matters, and the individual's experience then naturally assumes the importance so essentially characteristic of the Romantic type of artist.* This type not only manifests symptomatically a tendency to transmute himself and his life into art, but makes of the relation between "experience and expression" an artistic problem when actually it is merely a psychological one; although the relation may possess many points of contact with art, as we conceive art ideologically, it is definitely distinct from art.

For the Romantic duality between life and creation—ostensibly a blend of two spheres—is in reality a typical conflict affecting the modern individual, and although, in fact, it has nothing in common with art, it must, like art, also express itself creatively. The Romantic duality of life and creation is fundamentally the conflict between collective and individual immortality, viz. the conflict from which we have all suffered acutely since religion broke down and art declined.

The Romantic type of artist, impelled to perpetuate

* What interests us particularly in Byron to-day is his romantic life and not his superannuated poetry.

his life in creative work and compelled to transmute himself—with his life—into a work of art, continuously flung hither and thither, is the final decadent representative of an art-ideology which, like the religious collective ideology, is breathing its last. That it is breathing its last—that it is, as the ultra-Romantic Nietzsche proved and admitted, the final attempt to win the semi-collective religion of genius over into the fold of modern individualism—need not prevent, and may even assist, the bringing forth of distinguished works of art of enduring value. The decadent artist perhaps portends the advent of a new evolution of personality which will deflect the incentive to everlastingness back upon the self itself, whence, indeed, it originally sprang.

As a type in psychology, the Romantic thus reveals himself as of a piece with the neurotic. This is mere statement and implies no judgement, the comparison being easily reversible, because the neurotic, too, possesses creative, or at least self-creative, powers. And so the problems that arise out of the experiences of the individual artist become intelligible only in the light of the neurosis, even as the therapy of the neurotic must be based upon an understanding of the creative type. We have in the neurotic an individual who seeks safety for himself in the inhibition of experience and who clings to the naïve faith in immortality of the primitives without enjoying, as a support for his faith, their collective spiritual ideology.

The individual's productivity, his created work, replaces for the artist, as it replaces for the community, the original religious ideology with a social one, because the work of art immortalizes the artist ideologically instead of personally, at the same time as, through its inherent collective elements, it assures community of perpetuation. Even on this last rung of individual creativeness there subsist ancient or less remotely traditional ideologies of an aesthetic, social or psychological

nature, for the mass-justification of the artist's craft, and into these the personal element penetrates more and more and gains a correspondingly greater appreciation.

If we are to regard the creative urge as deducible only from the ideology of immortality, then the problems of the neurotic's experience obviously rest on the frustration of the longing for immortality, which results in dread, but which is probably also *due* do dread. For the dread in question is twofold: there is the dread of life, having for its purpose evasion of, or respite from, death, and the dread of death, due to the longing for immortality. Depending on how one extricates oneself from the dilemma of dread, and on the preponderance of one or the other of the two dread-forms, there are a variety of dynamic issues to the conflict, issues which cannot be fitted into any type formulae, because practically the whole powers of both the neurotic and the creative type are continually in play, and, in this respect, differ only in their forms of accentuation and occasional adjustment.

Generally speaking, a strong ascendancy of the life-dread leads to neurotic inhibition, the ascendancy of the death-dread towards productivity, that is, towards perpetuation. But the life-dread which afflicts us all leaves its impress on the creator's experiential problems in the same manner that the neurotic's death-dread goads his constructive powers. The life inhibition induces flight from experience, which would, the individual dreads, wear him out completely, and so bring about his death; hence his dread of it. It is not in any ideological sense that the neurotic longs for immortality, as the creative mind does through his work; in primitive fashion, the neurotic longs for the naïve extension or permanence of earthly life. But also the constructive artist-type cannot avoid offering up his life and experience for conversion into art. So what, apart from technique and a certain ideology, an artist still needs in the production

of his art is life, in one form or another, and, essentially, the two types of artist differ as the lives differ upon which they draw for their creativeness. The Classicist type, perhaps poorer inwardly, but closer to life and brimming with it, draws upon life from without; creates, that is, lasting work out of transient life; he needs—contrary to the Romantic type—no previous transmutation of life into personal experience. The Romantic type, on the other hand, seems to demand personal experience as an essential pre-requisite to his productivity; he uses it, however, not for the enrichment of his personality, but as a saving of personal experience; he seeks, in fact, to escape from the pressure of that experience. Thus the one artist-type uses for his creative purposes the outer life, nature; the other, in order to create, is compelled to sacrifice his own life.

This essential difference of attitude towards the fundamental problem of life illuminates psychologically the clashing of styles in various art periods. However we may describe that opposition aesthetically, spiritually the work of the Classicist, because closer to naturalism, is essentially *fractional*; the Romantic's abstract work, because evolved from within, *total*. The totality type wears himself out continually in his work without a corresponding replenishment; the fractional type requires uninterrupted replenishment of life and he consumes this again in work. The latter egoistic type, delineated by Ibsen in such a masterly fashion, demands for every one of his works a sacrificial lamb, which must be immolated alive in order to assure the work enduring life and secure him himself against self-dissipation.

The frequent cases in which the creation of a great work of art has been a reaction to the death of a cherished person, are instances of the artist being charitably relieved, by the natural intervention of death, from the necessity of himself immolating the victim; his task has then been

no more than the elegiac or pietistic erection of a tombstone.

The failure of all modern psychological biography is due to its seeking to "interpret" a work of art on the basis of the artist's experience, whereas creation is conceivable only in terms of inner dynamics manifested in the life-death conflict. Moreover, to the artist, his work is more important than life and experience; for him these are, at best, only means to an end, perhaps no more than the end's by-product. Certainly this holds good for the Classicist type; to the Romantic artist, his own ego and that ego's experience are more important than, or as important as, the work; one might even say that the Romantic artist works to live, and that the Classicist lives to work. Accordingly, Romantic art is the more subjective, it is more closely interwoven with experience than the Classical; the latter being the more objective, exists only in contact with experience.

Never will any single experience, least of all a rather general experience of childhood, transform a given individual into an artist. The genesis of an artist is not a process that can result from the manifestation of some special experience in his life. The tendency to artistic creativeness is a dynamic force utterly distinct from content of experience : it sets a volitional problem which the artist alone can solve in his own particular way. He so solves it when he turns any given ideology—collective (style) or personal (genius-concept)—into content of his creative will. He employs, so to speak, his personal volitional faculty in the fashioning or vitalizing of an ideology, which, unlike other ideologies, must possess not mere social qualities, but purely artistic qualities. The detailing of these, from the point of view of aesthetics, will be taken up in another place.

The subjective character of Modern art, based as it is upon the ideology of the personal artist type, brings about a special unequivocal attitude in the artist towards

his own creativeness and work. The more that creativeness becomes essential to life, and is not merely a particular ideological expression of it, the more will the work as such justify the personality instead of express it, and the more will the subjective artist-type use some other individual for his justification. This being so, it is clear also that experience, in its special form of love-experience, receives enhanced importance in respect of the Romantic artist, whose ideology rests upon the genius-concept of the cult of personality. The Primitive artist-type is justified by his work alone; the work of the Classical type of artist is justified by his life; the Romantic, finally, must justify his life, and experience in life, by his work, but needs some one who has witnessed that life to justify his work. And so the fundamental problem of the Romantic artist is the self-justification of an individual lifted out of the multitude, while the Classical type of artist expresses his own self through his work, and thus gains justification in universal appreciation. In contradistinction to universal appreciation, or in addition thereto, the Romantic requires personal corroboration, because his creative consciousness of guilt can no longer be collectively assuaged and he can no longer spend himself productively in the service of a collective ideology. In this sense Romantic creativeness is a compulsory liberation from inner need rather than a voluntary expression of a fundamentally strong personality capable of utilizing collective symbolism.

Hence the artist who is more akin to the Classicist type excels not so much in the creation of new forms as in their perfection. Also, he employs with greater frequency traditional material, with its strongly collective resonance, as the content of his productivity. But the Romantic type seeks new forms and contents, in order to produce a perfect expression of his constantly developing self.

It seems, then, that the artist-type, characterized by increasing individualization, requires for his artistic

activity an individual ideology, namely the genius-concept. His work is the more subjective, the more personal, and in order to justify his creativeness he requires his individual " public, " a single individual, for whom supposedly he creates. In the case of the type we designate as Romantic, this reaches a point where creation can take place only with the aid of a concrete Muse, through whom or for whom he creates. The woman is both Muse and lover and is supposed to reconcile the artistic self with its work, as well as the real ego with its life, with but rare and, at best, transient success. As a rule, we find that this type of artist exhausts his inner conflict between life and creativeness—psychologically, impulse and will—upon the woman,—a fatefully disastrous destiny which the type shares with similarly afflicted neurotics.

Another manner of settling the conflict is by dividing it between two persons, one of whom belongs to the ideal sphere of productivity, the other to the real-life sphere. But this attempt at solution also has its difficulties, social and psychological, since the basic tendency of this artist-type is towards completion in life and creativeness, whereas he constantly splits himself up in his life and work, and although this helps perhaps to temporary appeasement, it leads on the whole only to aggravation.

II

The same holds true of still another solution of the ego-conflict which the artist and the neurotic suffer in common, and this shows more clearly than do the complicated love-conflicts that creative, and not merely sexual, problems are at issue. From a study of a certain class of neurotic, we have learned that many cases of seemingly homosexual conflict are founded, not so

much upon a sexual aberration, as upon the ego-problem which the individual is unable to solve, unless he succeeds in personifying a part of his own ego in another individual. This, to be sure, would be equally the case in heterosexual love relationships, except that the homosexual possesses a stronger or at least a more peculiar ego-strive.

If, then, the poet's esteem for his particular Muse is greater in proportion to the degree she identifies herself with his artistic personality and ideology, it follows that he may realize his special ideal more fully in conjunction with one of his own than with one of the other sex, his physical and spiritual associations with the former being naturally closer. Paradoxical as it may seem, the apparent homosexual propensities, or actual homosexual relations, of some artists satisfy their need of a Muse much more effectively than (in a man) a woman is capable of satisfying it. Predisposed by his strive for completion (*Totalitätsdrang*), the artist strives to find all he seeks centred in one individual, and so most frequently chooses a woman for his Muse, yet instances of the maintenance of homosexual relationships by artists are by no means rare.

Greece in particular, high as was her development of purely spiritual ideology in art and philosophy, was the classical country of boy-love; and herein there need be seen no inconsistency if this boy-love is regarded in the spirit in which the Greeks regarded it. Amongst them it was a pre-eminently, or at least a highly valued, spiritual relationship, with the " pedagogic " up-bringing of the youth concerned as end and pre-requisite. The master—whether he was philosopher or sculptor; i.e. a master of the art of living or one of the art of creating—was not content to impart his teachings and knowledge to his ward or disciple; he possessed in addition the truly artistic impulse to fashion that ward or disciple after his own image. This, be it said in passing, was the form—

most characteristic of the apogee of Greek culture—of personal immortality finding not only expression in the work of art or spirit, but fulfilment in a concretely personal succession. The successor was not as yet—or no longer—the issue of the body, as Roman culture was to require, but the spiritually like-minded disciple. Hence the spiritual master-disciple relationship, since Christianity has made it the core of its life-doctrine, remains of greater importance to the creative mind than the juridical father-son relationship, to which, although obviously it is only secondary, psycho-analysis assigns primary importance. And the discipleship also, for that reason, connoted in Greece, not as in the civilization grounded upon parental rights, the mere acquisition of a certain discipline and the command of a certain fund of knowledge, but a fostering of the personality, and this, originating by way of identification with the master, was subsequently carried on and developed artistically on its own individual account. The Greek was thus a creator before he undertook the creation of works of art, before he had fashioned anything but himself and his disciples: and of this Socrates remains the most distinguished among numerous examples.

This Greek ideology of human development, which manifested itself also in all aspects of boy-love, raises the question whether Greek art, which impresses us as the capital achievement of Greek culture, was not considered by the Greeks themselves as being merely a by-product; perhaps, indeed, only as an aid to the true development of man as the prime cultural carrier, who, in the process of time, becomes capable of producing art for art's sake.

Another question that suggests itself is whether all great art, that of the primitives as well as that of cultivated peoples, was not linked to a cultural task that lies quite outside the realm of aesthetics, as well as outside the psychology of the individual artist. At all events, we

have much literary documentation enabling us to appreciate the high degree of the Greeks' consciousness of the national importance of their art, resulting in their teaching that man should improve himself by contemplation of works of art, should strive to achieve in himself a beauty and perfection equal to that of the works of art surrounding him. We perceive here the endeavour, so characteristic of the Greek spirit, to extend the process of fashioning one's personality, so as to comprise the whole nation—a nation that was not content to create art as an end in itself, but strove beyond, strove to produce an artistically-disposed type of man, a type capable in addition of creating, amongst other things, art.

So viewed, boy-love—which, according to Plato, tends to improve unremittingly and perfect the beloved youth—may well be regarded as the Classical counterpart of the Primitive art of physical training raised to a spiritual plane. If on the primitive level the issue was the exaltation of the physical self, here the issue became the spiritual perfection of another, in order to fashion him into a successor of equal rank on earth; not, be it understood, upon the basis of biological generation as issue of the body (son), but symbolically, in the spiritual sense of immortality, through the medium of the pupil or disciple.

Christianity adopted this actual idea of human development in the symbolic representation of the Master's life; but was unable, because it grew into a far-flung religion of the masses, to put it into practice. The collective belief in immortality which Christ symbolized took from the individual the task of personal self-development. From example turned into victim, Christ voluntarily took upon himself alone the unfolding of the personality of all.

Christian art, therefore, became stationary in the abstract collective style of the religious ideology—and was to be set moving again only by the advent, with

the Renaissance, of a new type of personality. It was not merely in imitation of classical Greece, but as an expression of an identical ideology of personality, that the artists of the Renaissance strove to live in accordance with the Greek ideal of boy-love.

III

In the example of two great artists belonging to two entirely different cultural spheres, the identical spiritual ideology found during the Renaissance such comprehensively similar expression that mere coincidence of personal experience cannot account for it. The noble love for a beautiful male friend finds almost identical glorification in the famous sonnets of both Michelangelo and Shakespeare.

The case of Michelangelo is by so much clearer that one may at least lay claim to knowledge of the personality to whom his sonnets were addressed, although it is still a moot question whether they were directed to Cecchino Braccio, who died in very early youth, or to Tommaso di Cavalieri, whom Michelangelo adored all his life. From some of the Florentine's later sonnets it is not entirely plain whether " the idol " spoken of is the young male friend or the later Platonic female friend, Vittoria Colonna.

Much more complicated is the case of Shakespeare : the identity of his ideal has been varyingly assigned now to one, now to another, of the contemporary aristocracy, and his friendship for the adored young man was not cancelled out by a motherly friend, as Michelangelo's was. It became, instead, unsettled by a beautiful young woman. In the *Sonnets*, as in the Shakespearean dramas, the woman appears as a troubling evil demon, whom the Elizabethan dramatist never succeeded in changing into a sympathetic helpful Muse and whom he always considered

as an obstacle to creativeness, and even to life itself. In the friend, on the contrary, he found the stimulating, inspiring ideal. Whomsoever the zealous student may in the end identify as the dedicatee of the immortal *Sonnets*, the "biographical" achievement cannot but be entirely irrelevant in view of the psychologically evident fact that glorification of a friend is, at bottom, equivalent to self-glorification, as boy-love was for the Greeks. Fundamentally, the sonnets are not only addressed to the author himself, which is the ultimate destination of all creative work, but they reveal in addition the inner and peculiar relationship of the created work to the creative self. The latter they exalt in artistic idealization, and its transitoriness the artistic perpetuation is intended in a measure to nullify.

Whether or not this ideal glorification of self through the medium of another—analogous to Greek boy-love—assumes bodily form, depends in no way on the sex of the adored one; it depends, in point of fact, only on the conflict between the development of one's own personality and the creative urge that results from it. The underlying aim being, after all, the rebirth of self in one who most closely approaches the artist's own image, it is naturally more susceptible of attainment when confined to one of the artist's own sex, because one of the opposite sex would be physiologically more disturbing, unless elevated to the ideal of a Muse.

But the resemblance to one's own ego is not to be found in the bodily characteristic of the corresponding sex; it embraces spiritual kinship as well, the youth of the adored one representing the physical symbol of immortality; the elder, moved in his maturity by the urge of self-perpetuation, flees from mere biological sex-life and lives his life over again in his youthful lover, whom he strives spiritually to transform into his own image, finding in him, at the same time, his longed-for ideal, his vanishing youth. The sonnets of the two Renaissance artists are

brimful with complaints over the vanishing youth of the beloved, the poem's precise function being to capture his superb image for eternity.

Once we have gathered from the psychology of the artist-type that the artist's creative stimulus springs from this very propensity for self-perpetuation through his work, we can no longer be in doubt as to whose passing it is that the poet bemoans in his sonnets with such monotonous singleness of purpose. The sonnets reveal so palpably the sense and purport of the poet's entire creation, down to the very essence of the creative impulse, that we are perplexed neither by the high esteem in which they are held nor by the challenging riddle which they supposedly offer. As a subjective complement to the objective artistic creativeness of their respective authors, the sonnets present no difficulty to the understanding, naïvely revealing as they do that their authors' impermanence is responsible for their immortalizing themselves in their poems.

So considered, biographical statement, even when unchallengeable, lacks relevance. And we do not feel aggrieved when it breaks down entirely. We understand, in fact, that beyond a certain point it must inevitably break down, since the creation of a work of art is not susceptible to explanation even by an ascertained source of inspiration.

Hence it appears that the more concrete biographies of Michelangelo or Shakespeare cannot help us towards a better understanding of either's works. We are rather the more amazed by the similarity between them. We have at all events Vasari's report that the only true-to-nature portrait Michelangelo executed was that of his friend Tommaso Cavalieri, "because he abhorred to limn a true likeness unless of one whose beauty was perfect." The idealistic manner in which he immortalizes his beloved in verse corresponds entirely to Shakespeare's attitude towards his own ideal. For the English

poet, also, is consciously determined to render his friend's beauty sempiternal, at least in song, if age must destroy him in the flesh. Such is the constantly returning motif in the Shakespearean *Sonnets*, such also Michelangelo's sentiment towards his beloved boy, whose beauty was to adorn eternity. Once this self-perpetuation by created work is understood to mean perpetuation of self through the medium of another—it has been seen that this self-perpetuation inherent in the work stands in reality for the perpetuation of self through the medium of another (the ideal)—both those artists are found to have given abundant expression in their poems to their felt identity with their beloved friends. Shakespeare says it would sound like self-praise were he to laud his friend, since they are both one. And Michelangelo not only writes in one of his sonnets that one lover transforms himself into the other, but pursues the transformation of his lover to the point of identification with himself by speaking of his friend Tommaso as "a genius who lives an alien in the world."

IV

This psychological solution of the much-discussed problem of the sonnets shows that experience—even the entire life-attitude—has its origin in the creative conflict, and so reduces the problems of experience to problems of creativeness. For however deeply the artist may dip into life in order to realize the love-ideals that must serve him in his task of perpetuating himself, that is only of secondary importance in comparison with the fundamental attitude to which his work reveals him to be committed—an attitude deriving from discontent with artistic productivity and impelling the artist towards life in some form, to experience his fundamental self.

This constraint, to be sure, leads the artist to the fashioning of another after his own image or after an

ideal image in inevitable conflict with actual life and its conditions; yet these conditions are social, not artistic, and in actual life individuals must respect one another, and not seek adventures leading to each other's re-fashioning. It must of course be remembered that a certain degree of conflict is essential to creativeness, and herein precisely the artist's greatness—psychologically speaking, the power of his creative volition—manifests itself. That power is able to convert a certain amount of the conflict into creation, without thereby entirely sacrificing real life or making creativeness clash with real life. The destructive issue of the constellation we find revealed in the neurosis proves at least that it is the constructive use of the will-power in behalf of ideological creation that distinguishes the artist from the neurotic. A certain type of artist, well exemplified in Goethe, learns, in the course of his life, to deal sparingly and wisely with his experiences and the conflicts arising from them, while another type exhausts his forces in the chase after stimulating experiences, never arriving from conflict to production. *That* he should create is after all more important to the artist than *what* he produces, although we are prone to typify the artist by means of the kind of works of art he produces.

And here again we arrive at a point where art, as the result of creativeness, must be sharply separated from the artist-type, although we are always tempted to set up more or less precisely formulated norms of art and to do so for individual works of art. Creation is a vital process pursuing its course in the individual quite independently of the ideology revealed in the created work. It is aloofly that the work of art confronts the artist who produced it, and it may, at best, be compared with other works of art, but never with its creator or artist as a psychological type. Between the two—art and artist—there looms life, in turn uniting, dividing, curbing, encouraging.

Here we must turn again to the relationship with woman (or the other sex), which is such a disturbing factor in the life of many artists, and the deepest source of conflict, if, as often, the woman seeks to inveigle or force the artist into life further than is necessary or useful for his creative work.

The fashioning or promotion of the woman into a Muse stands in such cases only for the changing of the trouble-maker into a handmaiden—a compromise, in short, that may well be in the interest of artistic creation, but certainly of no avail to life. Naturally, however, here also everything depends upon the dynamic type of the artist and his specific life-creation conflict. There can be found artists to whom even a female Muse represents but a potentially homosexual liaison; such artists see in the female Muse, not a woman so much as a like-minded, like-routed comrade—a status which a man friend would be likely to fill as well as, if not better, than she. But there is also the type of artist who is entirely incapable of creation without the biological concurrence of the opposite sex, and whom, strangely enough, the sexual act does not exhaust, but stimulates to artistic production. Schulte-Vaarting designates this type as the "sexual superman." I suspect here, however, the influence of a concealed flight-from-life mechanism, which propels the artist along the road from biological mortality to individual immortality by means of creative work, after he has rendered tribute to... sex.

This brings us to the most profound spring of artistic creative impulse, which spring I must pronounce to be only a struggle of the individual against an urgent propensity both to yield himself up completely to life and to expend himself completely in productive work. From this propensity he seeks to save himself, and flees now from the Scylla of life, now from the Charybdis of creation, but always of course at the cost of a continuous conflict between the two spheres.

V

How this conflict, and the manner of its being overcome, manifest themselves during the artist's process of creating his work will be described elsewhere. Here we shall limit ourselves to the conflict's manifestations, and the manner of solving them in life, irrespective of whether they relate to persons of one sex or another. In any event, the artist's relationship with woman has an ideological rather than a sexual importance, as has been demonstrated by Emil Lenk in a study of a series of creative personalities (*Das Liebesleben des Genies*, Dresden, 1926). But the artist requires, usually, two or more women in order to solve the conflict, and as a result—even if he succeeds in escaping social difficulties—he finds himself in a psychic dilemna. Certainly, he loves both personalities indifferently, and he is himself never quite sure of the part specifically assigned to them; he is indeed so uncertain that he may—and this appears to be the general rule—interchange or confuse them. But the Muse being of greater importance to him artistically, he prefers to believe he loves her more than the other, although often this is not so at all; on the contrary, it is psychologically impossible. The reason for this is the artist's unwillingness to raise to the status of Muse the woman he loves the more from purely human motives, for fear that if he did she would thereby lose in some manner the charm of womanliness and become an object of friendship, as it were. To the Muse for whom he creates, or believes he creates, the artist gives rarely of himself. He pays in work—a tender at which the genuinely womanly woman would look askance. If the expenditure of vitality takes homosexual forms, it is all the more definitely a payment to oneself, this, properly speaking, being the artistic manner of being bountiful in product instead of in kind.

While the homosexual relationship presents, from the

viewpoint of the ego, the idealization of one's own self in another, it may also be felt as a humiliation which is less the cause than the expression of inner conflicts. The artist, namely, suffers, in the dynamism that propels him towards creation, from the conflict between his higher and lower self. This conflict dogs him in all spheres of life, throughout all expressions of life, and marks definitely his attitude towards woman. At one time woman symbolizes for him all that is lofty and all that is base, symbolizes the mortal and immortal soul alike, symbolizes life and death.

The same holds good, too, in his creative work, for which he is ready to sacrifice his all, and which, in the hour of disillusion and resignation, he is ready to damn and curse as well. This is so because the artist's fundamental duality—a duality from which we all suffer—is intensified to such a degree that it drives him with an implacable dynamism now towards creation, now away from it towards life, and thence back again towards his creative task.

Depending on the personal structure and the spiritual ideology of the artist, the conflict may assume the character of a struggle between good and evil, beauty and truth, or, more neurotically, between the higher and lower self : a struggle which in the end determines also the cultural-genetic origin and the course of the development of the creative impulse itself. In these, the individual artist's personal conflict—that primordial duality which has immemorially actuated cultural development and artistic activity—thrives untrammelled.

But you cannot reconstruct, by the individual psychological method, that duality out of an analysis of the artist's personal past nor can you on any such basis understand it, because the contemporary individual enters life burdened not only with that primordial duality, but also potentially with all the attempts at solving it that have been made hitherto, so that his own development

forms no sort of parallel with the development of mankind.

VI

For when we investigate the relationship between the artist's life and his work, we must not lose sight of the fact that there are two kinds of experience, as there are at least two kinds of artistic creativeness. While in pre-analytical biography it was mostly the artist's later and much more active experience that was correlated with his creative work, psycho-analysis, stressing the decisive importance of infantile impressions, has preferred to put the passive experience into the foreground. But that conception has not got beyond the banality of statement that, as a rule, not even the artist could well have spared all those typical experiences of infancy, so often rehearsed in the analysis of adults.

Just as Freud had seen the seeds of neurosis in those typical experiences of infancy and not in the individual's special reaction to them, so now his school pretends to see in those same infantile impressions the very experiences which led to the artistic activity, but is unable to explain wherein the one result would differ from the other. An unexplained " residuum " had, therefore, to be admitted, embracing nothing more nor less than the whole problem of the artist's productivity. Beyond that analytical psychography has not progressed to date, as may be seen from the latest summing-up publication on the subject.*

If the " Oedipus complex, " and the child's sexual problems clustering round it, still occupy the foreground of the stage, it is rather evidence of an unhealthy stagnation than a sign of this family problem's supreme importance. For the last quarter of a century analytical pathography as a whole has been the toady of the Oedipus

* *Die Psychoanalytische Bewegung*, II Jg. H.4, July-August, 1930.

problem, since its first employment by Freud (1900) in conjunction with creative art (*The Interpretation of Dreams*), but it has since then progressed no further than I took it in my book *Das Inzest-Motiv und Dichtung und Sage*, which appeared in 1912 (first version drafted in 1905), and the sub-title of which reads: *Grundzüge einer Psychologie des dichterischen Schaffens.*

In that book I treated the Oedipus problem as a motive rather than as an individual complex, paying due regard not only to its psychological, but also to its ideological connotation. I could not, to be sure, fail to deduce from psychological sources the origin and the estimation of that collective motive encountered in myth and legend before the poets had made it their theme; although, still under the thrall of the Freudian conception, I declared my preference for individual as against collective psychology, but since I have learned to value the latter.* However that may be, the book has not yet been superseded, nor has the analytical theory of art come even within hailing distance of the problems it raised and which I now find myself compelled to take up again.

That poets had so intensively struggled with the Oedipus complex was at the time considered as a proof of its ubiquity, and was so, in fact, from the viewpoint of individual psychology as well. But from the standpoint of the psychology of art production, the struggle of the poets with the Oedipus complex strikes me as something essentially different: the artist's reaction to this inevitable average experience of the parental relation is a stronger and, certainly, quite other reaction than the normal person's; it is so not in virtue of the experience, but in virtue of that special quality in the artist's reaction which, in its application to creativeness, we designate as "artistic." My delineation, in 1905, of the Neurotic under the general caption "*Künstler*" showed that the neurotic's

* Cf. *Seelenglaube und Psychologie*, 1930.

reaction to that or other such trauma differs from the average person's in similar circumstances, the difference being that in the case of the neurotic the reaction is barren in productivity and results only in an inhibition or fixation. The artist's reaction is distinguished from the neurotic's by the fact that the artist succeeds in mastering the trauma or any potential inhibition arising from it, though his mastering it may be effected at a single stroke or only in the course of a lifetime.

From experience accumulated since, such mastery would seem to be attainable or at least psychologically conceivable in one way only. It can be achieved—as we have learned from the therapy of neuroses applied to the treatment of such inhibited development—only by a volitionally rehearsed affirmation of the inhibited force, and this affirmation acts in all cases not constructively only, but also creatively. In its specific reference to the Oedipus complex, the poetic treatment of the theme presents, it would seem to me, just that volitionally rehearsed affirmation of the inhibiting family ties, and the resultant creative—which is also the curative—factor. The deliberate reiteration of the atavistic phenomenon which finds expression in family symbols, alike as erotic desire (for mother or sister) and as craving for combat (with father or brother),corresponds, however, on the one side to its adoption for creative use, on the other to a constructive overcoming of it.

We are thus brought to the fundamental process of art-creation as consisting of the volitional adoption of ancestrally-derived or congenital characteristics in the form of individual self-creation. The Oedipus complex represents one of the cultural symbols of that conflict, because it symbolizes the biological, psychological and characterological sides of the conflict. But it does no more than so symbolize, even for the child for whom, too, it provides an early expression of inner experience, not merely an adjustment to external fate. Indeed, it

seems to me as if this very myth of the Oedipus—conceiving it in the Greek spirit—is the expression of that same striving for independance in the development of mankind—is, that is to say, the expression of the volitional affirmation of the existence which is forced upon us by fate.

Whatever, patently or obscurely, fate may have reserved for the hero at birth, he converts, by mythical narrative, into his own willed destiny, making the action and experience his very own. This experience is creative, transmuted as it is, first into myth, and subsequently into the sagas, poems and tragedies, whose varying theme-versions are conditioned by the several ideological attitudes and the interpretation in agreement with them. In the process the individual hero's life itself is destroyed, whatever interpretation may be put upon his fate, heroic, fatalistic or tragic.

(*Translated from the German by Edward W. Titus.*)

JOSEPH GORDON MACLEOD

FORAY OF CENTAURS

Arrival — I. Mount Pelion

Keep a curious oneness : keep a oneness, as I tell you.
Monolithic beeches in the blue mist blaze not;
Isolate. Keep an isolation, as I tell you.
Dancing eyebrows over hills' eyes, where the
Spirits dangle caterpillar-like at threads' ends. For
Chrysalids in trunks of trees sleep. Nibble not. To please
Trees polite, punctiliously praying and consuming,
Cannibal dendrophagy to please, nibble not.

Keep a curious quiet, keep a quiet circular, in and out,
Leucolithic Centaurs, of the chuckling beeches.
Follow your employ, puddling beech mast old,
Silverweed, leaf-mould
And the lemon corpse of a tom-tit.

Priestly Chiron thrums a phorminx, sole immobile in the
swaying wind,
In the entire circle, wood-square. Circle, turn
Till he ends his passacaglia, in and out the
Kneeling trees, navels and tails contiguous.

" Heoigh! adjure the eyes of ancestors, boles of ancestors,
Smiles of megaliths, heoigh! adjure " croon the
Bearded Centaurs stone-white in the blue cathedral.
Let the hooves fall in small pockets where the hooves have fallen,
Lest they the nuts the amical eyes arise from,
Bruise the tender-wingèd cotyledons that were once we;
Syncopating foot-clap with lyre-shell and golden key
Under the king-tree.

Keep a gentleness, a softness; touch not lowly boughs,
Not with skin-scurf nor hairs, but recoil;
Spine to spine bend as willow-branch, and beneath
Pass, prancing, prancing.

" Heoigh! avert the eyes of ancestors, boles of ancestors,
Arms of ancestors, heoigh! avert " cry the adolescents scared.
A quick clegg bites the flank of a yet horse-faced foal,
Who snorts, stamps, lashes his tail, breaks out
With a terrified neigh; and out of its bed
Like the severed head of a century-dead Ancient
A shrieking jay
Dashes. Panic seizes the performers. Eurytion first
Mazed, possessed, leaps the fence of the figure,
And the rest follow. The ring is burst.

A line of images trumpeting terror
Crushes dropwort, squinsy-wort, trefoil, thyme, winged milkwort into the fertile turf,
And Chiron, shouting, brandishes lyre,
Admonishes, protests, threats, thunders and follows.
Avert the arms, avert the boles, avert the eyes of ancestors,
Stay till the holy dance be done, adjure the magic and the trees.

Thereat the twisted coil reforms : shell-lyre captures
Part of the rigid previous rapture.
Foals on the horizon looking back
Draw up, counsel with their rolling eyeballs.
And turn reluctant on the ancient track.

Garlanded with ivy-berry, cowry-shell, the immortal chap-
Riotous a new sun, hot from earth's belly, *lain,*
To distend, to procreate a new, positive year.
Keep a curious continuity, as I tell you. Clasp
Neighbour's sword in leathery grasp,
Then let arms fall to crenellate a wall
Hexagonal,
Each haunch a rounded bastion outward,
A water-wheel with flanks as blades.
The phorminx has begun;
The run begin;
Drumming flux punctuated by the cut of the gut.

Under the long-armed arch, march,
Cowry-shell : follow, ivy-berries, single motion,
Making a bean-shape transient on the grass.
Ancient wolves howl in the dark valley,
Older trees bow, one to another murmur.

The arch comes down like a bar, the cowry leaps
The berries follow round
Modelling the tiny points of the lyre-shell's aside
And grumbling bears wander in the distant rocks
While here the monolith beeches block the sky.

Over a double steeel bar the Centaurs leap and wheel
Under a resurrected arch they bow and march and turn,
And two by two pass through
In the yoke of a strange chariot
Doubling the bean to a shape dicotyledonous,
And two by two, over the bar
To a sound from the swollen mound
In the red of the swelling east
To the beat of the teeming daybreak

From a sudden pregnant embastioned hexagon
Each through his own window-frame like a separate sun
Rotates and appears.
The circle turns.
Swords on Swords clash
With a curt flash multiplicated in the light
Silver collapse ruggedly linked to silver collapse.

Then resplendently
The captain cowry-necklaced in the midst
Is crowned with a rosette of steel
Buttressed by six boulders.
The sun rises. All yell. The lyre is struck. The swords
Triumphant, the captain's head lock.
From six sides severed
Totters on his shoulders; and
Another furred ancestor is lost in the fragrant forenoon.

O vast prolific Sun,
Grant that this year also be as kindly,
As prolific as Thou art.

*** Another canto of this poem will appear in the next issue of THIS QUARTER.

HAMISH MILES

STRANGE EPISODE IN WEST-END HOTEL

Balefully, the stars looked down upon the London roofs.

At last, after unimaginable aeons, they had wheeled round into the long-awaited and correct conjunctions, and prophecy hung heavy like massed thunder-clouds in the air, ready to burst. The stars quivered, quivered as they saw the multitudinous omens arranging themselves, the portents and prodigies making ready, each in its own way, to propel themselves into three-dimensional space.

Look! Here were flights of cranes gathering and fluttering and preening their scarlet breast-feathers, ready, when the moment should come, to stream across the skies in the most inauspicious directions.

And there, forked lightning strained at the leash, ready to leap.

And there, great whirlwinds slowly revolved, barely sustaining the tall columns of stillness that uprose in the core of each.

And here, from no visible cause, the entrails of elect doves grew strangely discoloured....

But who would observe these prodigies? Who would interpret their meaning? The priests of all these mysteries were dead and irrecoverable. Portents might hurl themselves upon the earth day and night, for seven-and-seventy weeks of seven days each, and nobody would take the slightest notice. The whole thing might fall utterly flat. But still, the omens had faith in

themselves, and there they were, biding their time, waiting like tragedians in the wings. Perhaps there was one amongst them that might be noticed, that might alter the face of the world : who could tell ? But the stars quivered. For the tremendous day was at hand, and only they knew it for what it was.

They looked down on the roof of the Afortiori Hotel. On its flat expanse, high above Piccadilly, stood six sooty little bay-trees in tubs, flourishing as bay-trees will. They had seen many days and nights come and go up there, high over the turmoil, unscathed, unperturbed. But to-night they wilted a little under the clear-eyed gaze of Aldebaran and Ursa and the Pleiades.

Sweetly but unnoticed, one o'clock dropped from the polite spire of St. James's, Piccadilly, bounced gently on the pavement, and vanished along Jermyn Street. And nobody knew that with it, perhaps, was passing the last hour of the old dispensation. But "*Doom...,*" said the bell to itself as it settled back to rest, and there, further down the slope of the hill, in the garden of St. James's Square, the king's horse whinnied in the darkness and pawed his stone pedestal, apprehensive of new ages. And his royal rider looked inquiringly across the lawn towards the London Library, wherein, high amid the hanging iron terraces of its quiescent brain,there glowed a hovering, inexplicable light which vaguely illumined the assembled books of Messianic Prophecy.

Down through the eight rich storeys of the Afortiori gazed the baleful eye of Sagittarius, down from the frozen recesses of his inconceivable forests. Down, through the cramped top-floor cabins of the chambermaids. Down, through the six floors of bedrooms and suites, with the liquid-soft lights and the gold-and-purple brocade, the hand-basins of pellucid crystal and the soothing carpets and the deep sofas, and the great insolent beds of rich fornicators. Down, down, straight as the cold dark sides of the lift-shaft, down through the

pillared dining-room and the glassy offices where the mottle-edged ledgers were set away till dawn, and down through the hot kitchens and the copper-gleaming sculleries, and into the great underground cave where the Afortiori supper-dances proceeded nightly in all their so renowned distinction.

And there the eye of the Archer fell upon Isidore—Isidore of Isidore's Band.

Moaning and stuttering, his illustrious saxophone cried out of the jungles. The oily waters of midmost Africa spumed and whirled turbidly; immense trees leaned down to cool their topmost leaves in the tepid stream; heavy-winged, the marsh-birds flamed clumsily across the river and vanished into the hot darkness, cinders whirling from a volcano. Down through the hemming forests, out over the slimy flats of the delta, and out into the Atlantic, the warm current forced itself, out and out, and touched at the last the lazy Carolina coast, lapped the beach, and was drawn up the long estuaries by the inflowing tides. Mysteriously it was absorbed; found lips to drink it; kindled the blood of thousands, tens of thousands; found Chicago, San Francisco, New York. The Jew stretched a new skin over the sombre tom-tom, and the hot magic was thrust forth again, canalized, and enwrapped the Old World like a new Gulf Stream. And now, beneath the eight storeys of the Afortiori, the discreet microphone collected its incantations and distributed them over all the forty shires of England, and in the darkness somewhere a syringa opened her sleeping flowers at their imperceptible impact, and in lamp-lit suburbs laburnum trees wept golden tears over stucco balustrades....

Out of the South, out of the West....

. . . . . .

Out of the East—Isidore.

There was no practitioner of this strange art who had dominion greater than Isidore's. He had seized the ears of every continent. He lived everywhere and nowhere. From capital to capital he was whirled unceasingly, the points of his trim patent-leather shoes tapping impatiently on the rich blue carpets of the most international expresses.

From metropolis to metropolis he shot, rapid and potent, like a banker's bill of exchange. Frontiers he transcended. They were no more to him than cracks between the paving-stones.

From continent to continent too, heedless of oceans: and those patent-leather shoes tiptoed quickly up the carpeted gangways of the hugest ships, high over the sludgy lapping of the landing-stage wavelets, hurried along the welcoming decks, vanished into the well-remembered stateroom suite.

And there, in its sitting-room, in that cream-and-gold steam-heated box (piano by Strohstein), borne through the grey Atlantic swell by huge turbines, Isidore would reverse his life on land, and work by day and sleep by night. For with each crossing he would contrive fresh incantations of his music, authentic with the unapproachable deftness of the one, the true Isidore, and renew his hold upon a waiting world.

But Isidore was not the Wandering Jew. For all his motion, he was hardly aware of change. One stateroom suite is very like another. Pullman is the great internationalist. London, Chicago, Cairo, Buda-Pesth, Madrid, Constantinople—they were all lodges in the sleek freemasonry of hotels-de-luxe. They offered him the same stifling suites, the same foods, the same ritual of cheques and adulation. Slight variety in vices was the most they could offer him : but to these Isidore was utterly impervious. From wine he refrained with a Nazarene abstemiousness, as if from some obscure forewarning of a destiny reserved for him. From women

likewise, though many were importunate. There are other vices, but Isidore repulsed them with ease. All things, all peoples, were as one to him, and he learned the lofty art of despising all peoples and all things.

. . . . . .

And now it was London again. For a month. The Afortiori. June : and a girdle of torrid thunderstorms revolved slowly round the city.

Deep below the paving-stones of Piccadilly the slightly sweating couples turned and turned, turned and turned again. And there, on the cramped flowery platform, looking down upon them, stood Isidore with his illustrious saxophone. His music, the music to which he was vowed, filled the room to its brim with spiced wine.

The illustrious saxophone gleamed like a great silver orchid. On it, as they passed in their circling, the dancers gazed with wonder. It was Isidore's! Here, within an arm's length! The great Isidore's! The instrument and the symbol of all prestigious celebrity! Here for a moment, pausing in its perpetual circling of the world, the magical creature had alighted; here, to-night, its master held it in his hands, breathed potently upon its reed, finger-tipped its multiplicity of keys with unique dexterity, and lo! was drawing his inexplicable pentacles on the hot fan-stirred air.

Like the breastplate of a high priest, Isidore's shirt-front gleamed in the strained light. His tall figure swayed as he flung out the spells and prophecies from under his dancing prehensile fingers. Behind him the trap-drum beat on, urgent and regular, and under the bloodless lips of his minions sang the sickly oboes and the wire strings beside them pluck-a-pluck-pluck-plucked. Deep and remote shone his eyes like rubies in a cave of Ephraim. Dark and glowing his skin, as

from the suns of awful deserts, and wanderings unguided by sand or fire.

Pale, limp, facile, the dancers turned their ceaseless ellipse under him, compelled against the thunderous heat and their own weariness by the domination of Isidore and the pulsations of his magic.

It was past one o'clock.

At a table close to the band's platform, a woman idly drew a crimson flower from his crystal holder, and laid it beside her plate, laughing. In a moment, it was shrivelled. But talking to her companion, she saw nothing, and when they rose to dance again it lay there bleeding on the cloth, unnoticed and dead.

. . . . . .

Now revelation hovered and wheeled over the roofs and the sky-signs, ready at any moment to swoop upon the chosen One.

Round the curving alcove, where the band sat in the dance-room, there were tall gold-framed mirrors, and into them Isidore gazed as he played, turning now to this side, now to that, as the rhythm swayed him. When he rested for a moment he smiled, with closed lips and unaltering eyes. And in the mirrors he saw the phantoms of his dancers, circling there in the blue glass like medusas in a tank, swinging across into the frames out of nothingness, converging from unseen depths, slipping across and away, into blurring perspectives, away. And himself, too, he saw there, erect and dominant, straight and compelling.

The rubies vanished. Isidore had closed his eyes and taken up his instrument to play again. And he played in an ecstasy of power. In ecstasy and union, for he and his instrument were become one. The shining symbol with all its quick silvery stops and the smooth lissome magician who wielded it were as one. But to-night he could feel a new access of power to his

spirit. It seemed as if his glory were at last to burst like a huge flower into something greater, something that grew ever more imminent as the clock-hand of St. James's crept round up there, outside, to an unnamed minute. But he knew nothing, and played on. Down here he could not see the stars nor their conjunctions, and the pointing gaze of the Archer pierced him unawares. On and on. But it was only the cunning of his fingers that was playing : Isidore himself was gone, lost in an inward singing.

" Behold my day! " sang Isidore. " Behold my day! I have found dominion, I have found a vengeance! I have cast off the old wanderings and the exile, the buffetings and the mockery! My rod is of silver, and it lives beneath my fingers!

" I hold you in thrall, you the rich and the highborn, the pale and easy creatures that you are! I have held you, I, the wanderer! And you shall not know rest : to my tune shall you dance. Dance! Dance! Dance till you are dizzy and stumbling! Dance, I tell you—my rod is of silver!

" You are held, held! Out of the South and out of the West I have gathered my spell, and made it mine! Out of the East I came, and my rod is of silver! "

And Isidore played on, opening his eyes again, and gazing deep into the blue mirrors in their gold frames.

The upturned bell of the saxophone's mouth was a brimming bowl, and the magic overflowed from it.

" I see you, " he sang on. " You pay me and you flatter me. But it is I who rule you, it is I who order your coming and your going! Come! Step prettily, my phantoms!

" A prince you call yourself, you there? A prince! What a poor little word you make it! A little jingling thing! Yet my people's princes were old in their land when your race were hunters still and hewers of stubborn

pine-trees. Our temples gleamed with marbles and gold, and the true, the irrecoverable purple, while your stockades were quivering under the tusks of the wild boar. And my fathers feasted rarely when yours contended still with wolves before their doors!

"And you, the maker of laws? You with the swine's eyes, you the renowned magistrate of a nation! Vah! My laws were given of God—of God, I tell you: do you hear the word?—and interpreted through his priests in the great courtyards a thousand years before your lumpish wits began their stumbling amongst man-made precedents!

"And you, the rich and noble of blood! All you can get for yourselves is the shoddy stuff of my magic! Circling there, with your dull eyes, soaked in my spells! Rich? But within me lie buried all the riches of Solomon!"

He saw the rubies grow lustrous in the mirror.

"And I tell you the blood of the first of men is my blood. It is in these nimble fingers—you see them? See how they set you dancing, and at my feet! At my feet!

"These fingers—they are the fingers of a King! I, I am a King! The Prince of the Exile! *Resh Galutha!* The Jew of all the Jews!"

And the moment had come.

Far off, incomprehensibly remote, the whirlwinds of warning began slowly to gather up their terrible momentum.

The cranes thrust forward their necks and raised expectant wings.

The doves laid themselves trembling beneath the very fingers of augurs.

For a moment Isidore paused in his playing. He could feel now, though he could not see, the tremendous gaze of the announcing Star as it reached his brow. Tentatively, he put up his hand to his forehead, and it

seemed to him that there, straight between the eyes, he could feel the indubitable finger of God. Thrusting through the darkness above the London turmoil, and down through the sundered paving-stones, it was coming to him, pointing to him, touching him! He was the chosen One, the great Predestinate!

O, the ineffable grandeur of Isidore's moment! He was dazed by the impact of the Divine choice. He swayed. The illustrious saxophone dangled from his nerveless right hand. And suddenly, letting his eyes fall, and with the music of his grinning disciples still resonant in the hot air, Isidore caught sight of his own silent instrument.

And there, before the eyes of all who could see, the gleaming orchid and all its straight stem, studded with keys, was bursting into a monstrous life, into a blossoming of hard metallic flowers.

From the silver stalk there broke forth innumerable tiny buds, like bubbles of vivid glass, blue and orange and vermilion. Quickly, decisively, their fronds unfurled beneath Isidore's fingers into hard petals. Straight and strong, as of drawn gold, rose up the pistils. The sharp cutting colours stabbed his eyes. Single and in little clusters, the unnameable blooms burgeoned all along the saxophone. It blazed fiercely as with a hundred gems. It pulsated with a hidden energy, as if ready to sustain for a thousand years this miraculous flowering.

Behind Isidore the cymbals clashed, the drum still beat on. Before him the dancers turned. But time paused, and all the stars stood fixed and expectant.

With piercing eyes and dryness on his lips, he raised aloft his flowering prodigy over the room. His eyes were staring flames. His fingers closed tightly on the folds of the unyielding petals. An exaltation filled him that came from far off, from mountains of sunstruck rock and the dry watercourses in the harsh valleys, from the hot air that rings the desert oases, from centuries of

vanished splendour and the gold broken into dust.

"A sign!" he gasped against the noise of the music. "A sign! Can you not see?"

His voice quavered, in parched uncertainty.

And again he brandished the rod of ghostly flowers. "A sign! *Mashiach! Mashiach!*"

But no one noticed, no one heard.

In his hand he could see the glow of the blossoming rod turn pale for an instant. It recovered again, but only for a second. As he swung it above his head a third time, the blazing colours grew faint and fainter, and the hardness of the blooms yielded under his grip.

He cried louder, for time could not stay.

"Can you not see? It is the Sign! The Sign!"

But as he spoke, the dance ended, the music fell. The hands of the dancers clapped : but it was not the prodigy that they hailed. Their words and laughter rose up like a mist : but it was not Isidore's cry that they answered. And there he stood, staring into all the distances of mirrors and time, with the illustrious saxophone still in his hands, but bare now of its flowers, back in its silver sterility.

Carefully, almost tenderly, he laid it down on the lid of the piano, as was his habit. Then he stroked his cheek, closed his fingers over his palm, and ran his eyes to and fro like a pad along his five beautifully tended finger-nails, faintly smiling, with his most accomplished calm.

. . . . . .

As for other episodes at the same remarkable moment, a great flight of cranes appeared suddenly in the sky over the seashore about eight miles from the village of Sopochnoe in Kamchatka. They passed northward, flying at high speed as if from the mountainous recesses of Kluchevskaya, and crying loudly as they flew. But

their appearance was ill-timed, for the only human beings visible at that noontide were two poor and aged fishermen digging for bait in the sludge; and so intent were they on their task that they did not trouble to look up.

At the same moment, out of a cloudless sky, a bolt of lightning fell headlong upon the interesting church of San Paolo at Palizzi in Calabria. But it was ignominiously caught by a lightning-conductor, an instrument of excellent workmanship, and the first indeed to be installed in the whole diocese of Reggio.

At the same moment too, on board the luxurious steamship Amorphic, two days out from San Francisco, a scullion in the kitchens of the first-class saloon began the trussing of a pigeon specially ordered for Stateroom B129. But he noticed a peculiar discolouration of the entrails, sniffed suspiciously at it, flung it into a refuse bin, and went off to choose another bird.

It was all over. The moment, the one possible moment allowed by the wheeling constellations, was gone. Abruptly the eye of the Archer was withdrawn from the earthly scene. The stars gleamed steadily again, trustworthy as the lamps overhanging the Regent Street Quadrant, starting anew towards some ineffably remote conjunction which might bring a successful issue to their warnings.

With a slight sense of bewilderment lingering in his fingers, Isidore raised once more his dry and withered saxophone. *Whang!* called the cymbals. At his feet the circling couples clamped themselves once more on to the rhythm.

And unseen, far above their heads, the golden clock-hand of St. James's, Piccadilly, slipped round one inch further, into another tract of unregenerate time, of exile, of waiting for the veritable and Messianic Sign.

Woodcut (1927), by *S. W. Hayter*

FRANZ BLEI

PORTRAIT OF A PUGILIST

The name he now bears, his third or fourth, is not the one by which he was registered in the baptismal records of his parish as the second son of a Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones, née so-and-so. His alias counts for more than his name. The authority issuing his passport considers the patronymic so unimportant to public safety or the fame of the community that it twice underlines the "alias" which appears in front of the hero's three other names: approximation to the mystical wherein the nameless divinity is invoked by many names.

Beyond the margins of the school-books over which the twelve-year old lad pored nightly, surged the ocean: youth's dream of the world. Nearby snored the toil-weary grand-parents. The mother was at the movies. The sister, snug in the midst of pillows, read enraptured, by candle-light, the serial in the evening paper. The boy rubbed his muscles with talcum to keep them limber and slept in zero weather with the windows wide open. At fourteen he neither smoked nor drank. Girls could not lure him from petty boyish vices because he had no vices, and the tenseness of his body sought no relaxation in the spasmodic play of unreluctant loins. In all of which he was guided neither by exhortation nor experience. In exhortation he took no stock whatever, and the unspoilt animal in his make-up kept him exempt from experience by which to learn. For the miracle still comes to pass among the children of man that from the loins of some human pair there springs a child of

perfect body, as if in utter defiance of the two thousand years of Christianity and the two centuries of industrialism. Out of littered backyards, out of mouldy mildewed walls, a green sapful sprig shoots forth, stalwart, unbending, its strength brooking no compromise with cunning. Instinctively it will seek soil and environment best suited for its unfolding, and will find them.

At fifteen he went to sea in a schooner. For three years he travelled the waters, receiving the first discipline he was in need of: nature's law. It is due only to the insidious struggle against his own nature and its wastage, bit by bit, that God's image becomes perverted into the ape-like travesty of contemporary man, who offers up his body piecemeal into the maw of illusion that it may devour it and become flesh itself,—be that illusion business, family, government, or what not. Even God. Only the ascetic grandeur of the sacrifice can atone for its making. Yet a strange fellowship unites the saint who renounces short-lived worldly goals with the man in the arena, for he too in a worldly sense leads a life of uselessness. Only a bank clerk who goes in for boxing to reduce his waistline would see a useful purpose in boxing, since it keeps him fit. But he is no more a boxer than the gentleman who flays his nag for an hour before going to business is a horseman. Neither of those gentlemen would for a moment consider the tram conductor a banker because he can give change out of a dollar.

It was in the schooner that he received his first nickname: the Virgin. This, simply, because he used to blush at certain jokes; because he kept his body clean, did not bolt his food, and avoided brothels when in port.

Curbing irrational natural impulses is the discipline to which man subjects himself to achieve harmonious relation with the world as a whole. As a whole, not merely with any of its utilitarian inventions sufficient only unto

the day and pandering only to the whim or insanity of those who rule by the tyranny of money or epaulet. Obedience to the orders of an official was something entirely inconceivable to this lad of seventeen: his very nature would have rejected all sense of participation in a scheme of things of deliberate ordering. In the idiom of the bourgeois: in policed society, he would be an obstreperous fellow. The helmsman's glance he obeyed at once, because he understood him: wind, water, seafaring, impose their own implacable law, and the man at the wheel has a master's knowledge of it. He whose skill is greatest, is master—skill in battling with the elements, not merely with the ostensibly mutinous in men of dissenting purposes or opinions. Here every word is put to the test. Conjecture and guesses are unknown. A man such as our hero will not pay the slightest attention to the best and most lofty opinions concerning the world, but will pay every attention to the world itself.

With the yellow flag at the mast because of a death among the crew of seven, the Hamburg schooner was forced to remain in quarantine in the outer harbour of Buenos Aires. After four days the lad had had his fill of it. He lowered himself one night over the side of the ship and swam ashore. It began to grow light as he clambered into an empty cattle car of a passing train. When he awoke the sun was high overhead. Slowly the train moved along. Cattle by the thousands were grazing and roaming over the prairie as far as the horizon. He was hungry. He swung himself out through the open door on to the embankment. Tying his shirt and trousers in a bundle, he gripped them in his left hand in the same manner as he had held them high over his head when he swam ashore. He climbed down the abrupt declivity, finding himself before a lazily flowing stream. Started out to wade to the opposite bank, a good stone's throw distant. When he lost bottom, he began to swim, head in the water, and the bundle-bearing arm high in the

gold-bedusted air. His shock of hair stood out like a flame over burning coals. The water trickled off his tawny body and, in the refracted light, delineated each of its members, hitherto a blurred composite, with plastic detail. As varnish brings out the lights and shadows on a canvas. One foot upon a boulder, he stood like David over the body of Goliath; at the age of eighteen, at the height of manly beauty, when the watching eye cannot as yet quite descry this muscle or that, but knows it is there; when strength still remains veiled beneath discreet weakness; and when the maxim of the ancients proclaims itself triumphantly: the half is greater than the whole.

For four years he stayed on the prairie: cattle-herding, broncho-busting, "bull-dogging" young steers or leaping upon them from horseback, never heeding the long-arched tumble to the ground should the steer have proved the nimbler. He learned to bring down rider and horse in no more than two throws of the lasso. And he acquired civilization: got drunk without becoming "paralyzed"; rode to mass every Sunday with the other hands; turned over a girl on her back when he felt like it. For there is nothing to be said against the passions so long as one can master them. On account of his blond hair he was known as Yellow Bill. Everybody liked him for the vigour of his youth. Only weakness renders despicable. At least among men. Never could he have endured four long years of such wild and ill-regulated life, carried on the work with steer and horse, with gun and lasso, had it not been for the sterner discipline of sport to which a few of the lads eagerly subjected themselves: wrestling, running, and boxing in the good old way, with bare fists. There was an ex-champion in the camp who had returned armless from the War to live among the comrades of his youth. This one-armed man was his first trainer. And it was him he had been lecturing one day in a manner suggesting nothing less than the sentiment of Goethe: "Give me injustice rather than

disorder." A judge had given a decision against the one-armed man that was palpably wrong and roused him to violent words of protest. Without uttering a word the easily ten-years younger Bill put his hand over the abusive mouth. The older man understood and kept still. As one who might have pondered the demand of Aristotle that the gymnasium should produce a mind resourceful in stratagem joined to a soul at once courageous and wise, daring and forbearing. Which might have made a good working rule also for some healthy militant monastic order. Such discipline which, similarly to the Church of Rome, instils forbearance as one of the two great virtues, purges a man of selfishness and vanity, the two perils that threaten all those who fail in their watchfulness over themselves and their acts.

When Yellow Bill made his first appearance in the ring at Montevideo, he took, as a compliment to him, his trainer's name, Simone Guaja. The name he bears now he adopted just before his famous fight in New York with Rowlands, when he succumbed to a lightning chancery hold which escaped the referee's notice, but which the loser pocketed quietly. He also silenced his trainer who was about to protest, saying to him : "Only women fight with their tongues."

In the familiar sense of the thoroughly feminine contemporary culture, this pugilist is so definitely a he-man that the sentimentalists, the fantastics, the intellectuals and the women—and these with their little scream of ecstasy—would not hesitate to call him a beautiful... animal. Just that, when, in point of fact, he is nothing if not a man, and a rare example of one in these days, namely, a virile man. Entirely unimpaired, entirely unromantic, entirely un-Christian, entirely low-brow, entirely unpolitical. To him it never could occur to ask himself or to answer the question why he had entered the ring. Our sort would find the grounds in virtue, forthrightness, hence priggishness. He dreams of no

life save his own. He has no desire for wealth in order to.... He is a Roman Catholic, but not ultra. Not at all revolutionist; not in the least Utopian. The Orient is alien to him. Compassionate, but not to the point of tearfulness. He has never read the Gospels, but he never misses mass. He is kindly. For he has known the comfort of eyes looking down solicitously upon a fellow lying dazed by a blow, of a merciful hand wiping away the blood.

Is it not because, is it not precisely because such men are still among us that we go on reading the Greeks? There is something in Xenophon to the effect that Socrates was capable, with a fleeting glance, of appraising the qualities of every athlete....

(*Translated from the German by E. W. T.*)

Engraving, by *Polia Chentoff*

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THE SEA CHANGE

"All right," said the man. "What about it?"

"No," said the girl, "I can't."

"You mean you won't."

"I can't," said the girl. "That's all that I mean."

"You mean that you won't."

"All right," said the girl. "You have it your own way."

"I don't have it my own way. I wish to God I did."

"You did for a long time," the girl said.

It was early, and there was no one in the Café except the barman and these two who sat together at a table in the corner. It was the end of the summer and they were both tanned, so that they looked out of place in Paris. The girl wore a tweed suit, her skin was a smooth golden brown, her blonde hair was cut short and grew beautifully away from her forehead. The man looked at her.

"I'll kill her," he said.

"Please don't," the girl said. She had very fine hands and the man looked at them. They were slim and brown and very beautiful.

"I will. I swear to God I will."

"It won't make you happy."

"Couldn't you have gotten into something else? Couldn't you have gotten into some other jam?"

"It seems not," the girl said. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I told you."

"No; I mean really."

"I don't know," he said. She looked at him and put out her hand. "Poor old Phil," she said. He looked at her hand, but he did not touch her hand with his.

"No thanks," he said.

"It doesn't do any good to say I'm sorry?"

"No."

"Nor to tell you how it is?"

"I'd rather not hear."

"I love you very much."

"Yes, this proves it."

"I'm sorry," she said, "if you don't understand."

"I understand. That's the trouble. I understand."

"You do," she said. "That makes it worse, of course."

"Sure," he said looking at her. "I'll understand all the time. All day and all night. Especially all night. I'll understand. You don't have to worry about that."

"I'm sorry," she said.

"If it was a man——"

"Don't say that. It wouldn't be a man. You know that. Don't you trust me?"

"That's funny," he said. "Trust you. That's really funny."

"I'm sorry," she said. "That's all I seem to say. But when we do understand each other there's no use to pretend we don't."

"No," he said. "I suppose not."

"I'll come back if you want me."

"No. I don't want you."

Then they did not say anything for a while.

"You don't believe I love you, do you?" the girl asked.

"Let's not talk rot," the man said.

"Don't you really believe I love you?"

"Why don't you prove it?"

"You didn't use to be that way. You never asked me to prove anything. That isn't polite."

"You're a funny girl."

"You're not. You're a fine man and it breaks my heart to go off and leave you——"

"You have to, of course."

"Yes," she said. "I have to and you know it."

He did not say anything and she looked at him and put her hand out again. The barman was at the far end of the bar. His face was white and so was his jacket. He knew these two and thought them a handsome young couple. He had seen many handsome young couples break up and new couples form that were never so handsome long. He was not thinking about this, but about a horse. In half an hour he could send across the street to find if the horse had won.

"Couldn't you just be good to me and let me go?" the girl asked.

"What do you think I'm going to do?"

Two people came in the door and went up to the bar.

"Yes, sir." The barman took the orders.

"You can't forgive me? When you know about it?" the girl asked.

"No."

"You don't think things we've had and done should make any difference in understanding?"

"'Vice is a monster of such fearful mien,'" the young man said bitterly, "that to be something or other needs but to be seen. Then we something, something then embrace." He could not remember the words. "I can't quote," he said.

"Let's not say vice," she said. "That's not very polite."

"Perversion," he said.

"James." One of the clients addressed the barman. "You're looking very well."

"You're looking very well yourself," the barman said.

"Old James," the other client said. "You're fatter, James."

" It's terrible," the barman said, " the way I put it on."

" Don't neglect to insert the brandy, James," the first client said.

" No, sir," said the barman. " Trust me."

The two at the bar looked over at the two at the table, then looked back at the barman again. Towards the barman was the comfortable direction.

" I'd like better if you didn't use words like that," the girl said. " There's no necessity to use a word like that."

" What do you want me to call it ? "

" You don't have to call it. You don't have to put any name to it. "

" That's the name for it."

" No," she said. " We're made up of all sorts of things. You've known that. You've used it well enough."

" You don't have to say that again."

" Because that explains it to you,"

" All right," he said. " All right. "

" You mean all wrong. I know. It's all wrong. But I'll come back. I told you I'd come back. I'll come back right away."

" No, you won't."

" I'll come back."

" No you won't. Not to me."

" You'll see."

" Yes," he said. " That's the hell of it. You probably will."

" Of course I will."

" Go on then."

" Really ?" She could not believe him, but her voice was happy.

" Go on," his voice sounded strange to him. He was looking at her, at the way her mouth went and the curve of her cheek bones, at her eyes and at the way her hair

grew on her forehead and at the edge of her ear and at her neck.

"Not really. Oh, you're too sweet," she said. "You're too good to me."

"And when you come back tell me all about it." His voice sounded very strange. He did not recognize it. She looked at him quickly. He was settled into something.

"You want me to go?" she asked seriously.

"Yes," he said seriously. "Right away." His voice was not the same, and his mouth was very dry. "Now," he said.

She stood up and went out quickly. She did not look back at him. He watched her go. He was not the same looking man as before he had told her to go. He got up from the table, picked up the two checks and went over to the bar with them.

"I'm a different man, James," he said to the barman. "You see in me quite a different man."

"Yes, sir?" said James.

"Vice," said the brown young man, "is a very strange thing, James." He looked out the door. He saw her going down the street. As he looked in the glass, he saw he was really quite a different looking man. The other two at the bar moved down to make room for him.

"You're right there, sir," James said.

The other two moved down a little more, so that he would be quite comfortable. The young man saw himself in the mirror behind the bar. "I said I was a different man, James," he said. Looking into the mirror he saw that this was quite true.

"You look very well, sir," James said. "You must have had a very good summer."

E. E. CUMMINGS

TWO POEMS

I

nothing is more exactly terrible than
to be alone in the house, with somebody and
with something.
You are gone. there is laughter

and the night hangs frankly in the street

i lean from a window, behold ghosts,
a man
hugging a woman in a park. Complete.

and always (why? or lest we understand)
always i am hearing somebody
coming up stairs, carefully
(carefully climbing carpeted flight after
carpeted flight. In the dead of night, climbing
the carpeted stairs of terror)

and continually i am seeing something

inhaling gently a cigarette in a mirror

II

Wing Wong, uninterred at twice
fortyeight, succeeded in producing

sixtyfour maxims

whose) centripetal wisdom in
thirtytwo seconds centrifugally
is refuted by these(

particularly belonging to
▪
retired
general) sixteen years

of rapid
animal whose swir-
ling (not too frequently
)skirt exhumes (which
buries again quick-

ly its
self in) while
a transparent blouse
even recklessly
juggles the jouncing
fruit of eager bosoms"
Wing
Wong

ACHILLES HOLT

LITTLE PANCHO

In Callaghan's bar Chulita had been working with the slot-machine for an hour. Fists have broken the glass coverings long ago. She inserted her last dime and pulled the lever; there followed a dazzling reel of cherries, lemons, peaches, and blooming almonds, then the thing clicked dully and stopped.

"Bitch," said Chulita with admiration.

The State has legalized slot-machines in order to help the Treasury, increase mining activities, repair roads that burros cannot walk over, and derive funds for an election in Panchito. When the machines appeared, newspaper men from the American city across the river tried their luck and political funds grew. But people have lost interest in the coloured reels spinning under the glass. In all the saloons there is a litter of broken glass, and business is poor. The election date has been fixed.

Panchito is prepared. Personal possessions have been taken to the bank, guns have arrived from the State Capitol, and soldiers of the usual army have polished their shoes. Every one in town looks hard at his neighbour, and those normally voluble are often silent. There is tension in the town; one watches the movements of another.

Panchito is made of saloons and adobe houses, and a river separates it from a city in Texas. The river valley is fertile, but Panchito itself is arid, and half a mile south of the town, past the red light district, the desert begins. On bright days the crags of the dark mountains in the

south do not seem far away, and at such times Panchito has the sophistication of objective simplicity. Opposite, the American range sinks abruptly before the river, and about the butt of this mountain the newer city has been built. It swells with self-esteem.

It is near noon and the plaza is full of sweating men. Americans come for lunch and the legless traffic director in front of the Comidor Restaurant receives his fees. Along Sixteenth of September Street fat women stand comfortably, cooking tacos; supplied with lettuce, onions, meat and cheese, they smile amiably at their children who play in the streets. Smoke of frying grease fills the air.

" Bueno' dias, " calls the avocado vendor going through the dusty street with a basket on his arm. " Ahuacates! Ahuacates! Bueno' dias, señora. " " 'Allo, " they say laughing, for by this Americanism he is ridiculed.

Burro carts rattle by, loaded with dry desert wood or with vegetables; bootlegging taxi-drivers with tourists; stands of cigarettes, cigarros, caramelos, peanuts and cracked pecans. Beggars lie about the café doors holding out a hand, brushing away flies with the other. From the café kitchens comes the smell of onions, frying fish, salads, and a whiff now and then of gin and whisky.

Headquarters for one party, the League of Resistance, are established on the river bank; there is great respect for American soil, and the United Revolutionary party does not fire in this direction, for the river is not wide. A detachment of revolutionists, with the facial expression of cannibals, marches toward the Resistance headquarters. As they approach the doorway, the sergeant inflates his cheeks and makes a sound of contempt, and the squad, watching the doorway, passes on. Resistants pour out, red with fury. They yell, they throw stones, they pursue. The revolutionists turn away from the river, but the enraged resistants halt, full of craft, and retreat hastily to headquarters.

The Garcia house is immaculate, furnished with a

plaster cast of Venus, a bed, a dresser, stove, table, a crucifix, and two pictures of saints. To-day lunch ended abruptly, for Tomás Méndez García, head of the house, was hit by a milk bottle.

For seven years he had drunk milk; suddenly he became tired of milk and refused to drink any. "I don't like it," he said. "I never liked it."

Maria his wife was astonished and puzzled. When she goes to church and looks long at the blue-veined wooden Christ, she can see the eyelids flutter.

"*Why* don't you like it?" she asked. Troubled with the new situation, she begged, explained and threatened, and finally seized the milk bottle.

The plaza, emptied at lunch time, fills again. There is much talk of the election. An old man with a parched mud-coloured face speaks to one who wears a red bandanna and overalls.

"It was a deliberate attempt this morning. You cannot fool me."

"Are you a revolutionist?"

"I don't say."

"Ah, he doesn't say, pobrecito."

"They'd better have the election now to avoid trouble."

"Well, bring it on, bring it on."

A fat man with a moustache comes up and the conversation ends.

The afternoon sun was an invitation to sleep. It was cool under the trees. The cottonwoods trembled quietly and were still and fluttered again in the air; the movements of a mother when her song is done.

Afternoon wears away, evening comes, and night. The streets clear, and at dusk there is little sign of life. Ordinarily on hot evenings a band assembles, but to-night it does not come. The plaza is empty. Though there is an air of nervousness, the Americans come for supper. On Sixteenth of September Street the beggars

are sullen. The barkeep says: "Good evening, my friendes," with false joviality, for he is nervous when a brown, mysteriously taciturn face appears from time to time. Alfredo Guerrero does not carry beer to his wife and child who usually wait outside. The children have not thrown water on the streets, and dust chokes the night. The one-storey adobe houses that box in the dirt streets, the market, the imposing church, all are silent. But a cigarette, half concealed, glows in a window; there is a change of position. Both floors of the hospital are lighted; buckets of water are being thrown on the walls of rooms long unused.

The jail, however, is unquiet. The law has imprisoned "La Nacha" Rodríguez, wife of Pablo "El Pablote" Rodríguez, having found on her person fifty grains of heroin.

La Nacha stood at the window and yelled.

"Be quiet," said José Mercado, from the men's section. La Nacha continued to yell.

"Be quiet," he repeated. La Nacha became quiet.

"Who are you?" she said.

"I am José Mercado," he said, "and I am ashamed to stay in the same jail with you."

"Well, for love of Pete." La Nacha considered him. "You little bitch."

"They had no right to put me in here. I was drunk."

La Nacha began to yell again.

"Enrique!" cried José to the guard, "Señor, let me out."

"Why?" asked Enrique with wide eyes. "Porqué?"

"I am ashamed. I am ashamed to be in here."

The guard moved away, looking at José suspiciously.

He listened to La Nacha with rage. His two companions, an American who said he killed Mexicans by the wholesale, and Alfredo Liacos of the military service, who had driven past the mayor's car, were both asleep.

After a time José crawled through a window into the patio; here a crowd of people deported from America were being fed beans and coffee. He found a tin plate, ate his supper, and left the jail with the others.

In the Honkey Tonk Chulita stood at a slot-machine, embracing it, with a hairpin in one hand. She put in a dime and pulled the lever. The machine coughed and stopped. She beat the machine frantically with the palm of her hand.

"Oye! Oye! Oye!" she cried.

Across the street, in the Puerta del Sol, Mlle La Valeska is dancing. She has prominent teeth and is doing a scarf dance, in which she wears many scarves even to the end. The people are depressed, and when the lights are turned low, everybody dances. The saxophone thins and becomes shrill, and there are yells. A fat woman, in a tight lace dress that compresses the fat, sits alone, looking glassily into space. "Dance with her, boys," the waiter whispers, "she's a good girl." "Hell," the boys say noisily, "I wouldn't dance with her." The fat woman stares at them and lowers the corners of her mouth. Later a fat man dances with her impersonally and they stay in one place, pumping voluptuously from side to side.

The dances were long, and the room being darkened, people might have gone to sleep. The crowd was getting drunk. Cheeks tightened and grew red, people spilled stuff from their glasses and sang like cats, and paid wandering bootblacks fifty cents to shine their shoes.

A woman from Earl Carroll's Vanities came on. She was brunette, wore a long dress slit at the sides, and had had a chip removed from her front teeth. "Mistakes," she sang. "We make mistakes," she began regretfully, "and are sorry, all over nothing at all," but a smile belied these words.

The lights were turned up, and La Valeska came out. She wore feathers this time, many on her head, and

danced, moving neither hands nor feet. The boys and a few others began to yell. Mlle Valeska yelled also, in English. A drunk collapsed across a table. "Love is a great thing," somebody said, but this passed unnoticed.

In the bar-room, filled with slot-machines and broken glass, Chulita sat at a table with Tomás García, who was drinking heavilly, and three other men.

"She moves like a cockroach," said Chulita, "when she moves at all. That scarf dance. Minnie La Cucaracha. I could dance as well as that."

"Yes, my angel," said one of the men, "you can do anything."

Chulita sipped a special composed of crême de menthe, whisky and cognac, of a pale amber-green colour. "I am glad to hear you say that," she said. "I feel I could have been more successful with the black bull Sunday than Alberto."

She said to Tomás: "You must be patient with her. After all, when a woman loves a man, she may do things that he doesn't always understand."

"I will not go back home," said Tomás, weeping slightly.

"When a woman cannot get a man to see that she really loves him—I know a girl——"

"That has nothing to do with me," said Tomás.

"No, it hasn't," Chulita said patiently. "Oh, well."

She fell into a mood and refused to talk. "What do you think about the election?" said one of the men. "What election?" "You are drunk." "Bah"—nasally—"every one has forgotten the election." "But no. For a certainty every one in this town is wide awake now, waiting for it to begin." "Much bull," the same person explained: "Mucho toro."

Scrape of feet, drowsy staccato of voices, the music, a Salvation Army lady past fifty, smiling pleasantly,

with a grim upper lip, black gin in sugar-frosted glasses, shrieks, the smell of the sticky bar. It grew late.

At half-past ten Chulita stabbed the headwaiter. The cashier tried to hinder her departure, but she slapped his face and left by the front door, taking his revolver with her. In the fresh air remorse seized her, and to relieve her feelings she fired twice into the street.

Instantly the night became a melee of confusion. Shouts, yells. Window-panes crashed, a rifle clattered on cement. Through the streets came the sound of running.

"To hell with the United Revolutionists!" somebody yelled. An uproar of hoarse responses followed: "The crisis is at hand and to hell with the League of Resistance!" "Slaughter them!" "God and Porfirio Díaz!" The rest became guttural. The men threw away their guns and knives and razors, and fought chin to chin with backs arched. There was no discrimination; resistant fell upon resistant and revolutionist alike. They bruised their knuckles and hunted for knives they could not find and removed the cobbles of an entire street and threw them at each other.

"Follow me! Oye! Oye!" howled a fat hulk in a nightgown and a heavily braided coat. A rapid organization took places. In the smoky light of several lanterns a line formed. People ran home for material, added themselves to the line, and the squads filled out. Just before the march began there was a lull; the night was soft with solemnity. "Down with the League of Resistance, for the sake of our homes and women," said the general. "March." And they were off.

Round and round Juan Mata Ortiz Avenue they marched. They completed the circle every fifteen minutes. "On!" yelled the general, catching a glimpse of people retreating before him.

The fugitives were elusive, keeping the same distance between themselves and the army. Finally the general

tried strategy. Turning up a side street, they followed the block back to Juan Mata Ortiz Avenue. The fugitives disappeared. Perplexed and angry, the general led the march again around Juan Mata Ortiz Avenue. And again there were people retreating before them.

In the shadows of the American city Officer Casey stood in deep reflection. Thirty years since Muñoz and Calamity Jane had shot up the town... God! that was romance for you. Days when men and women bathed together in the irrigation ditches, every Saturday; days when the mail-coach stuck in the Buttersworth Salt Marsh; the time Fanchon drank three more quarts of beer than Bill Willie. Well, things had changed. Prohibition, women's leagues, and a police force. Officer Casey almost wept.

A drunk approached and asked for help. Casey bristled, for the sense of duty was quick. "You come here," he said.... The time Calamity Jane broke the house at Black Jack. The bartenders' league. And Billy, Billy the Kid. Officer Casey grasped the drunk and entered the U. & I. Café.

"Give him some coffee, boys," he said subtly, "a train ran over him."

The clear yellow glow of early morning spread over Little Pancho. The rows of adobe houses seemed dark and moist, not yet clear of the night. The air was crystalline. Even the debris in the streets seemed fresh. The swift current of the river, gleaming with sunlight, nibbling at the banks, sank away.

There had been no real casualties in the army. The bugler had played "La Golondrina" until he was exhausted, and somebody had hit Remigio Chavez with a floor-mop as he was coming out of an alley; otherwise little had happened. Desultory firing had served as a stimulus. Around and around Juan Mata Ortiz Avenue they went then, up and down the streets, Calle del Hospital, Calle del Cuartel, 2 de Abril, past

the Irish bars, the Mexican bars, the American bars, the miscellaneous bars. Now the band was sleepy and cold, and a halt was called in front of the hospital, for consideration.

Chulita appeared at the window of the head-waiter's room, her face wreathed in tenderness. But her expression changed.

"Fools! Fools!" she stormed. "You will keep the hospital awake all night with your nonsense. You will chase your own tails in a circle. You don't know your own party. To-day everybody is a revolutionist. Go home."

A few howls, a barrage of words. Commenting to themselves, the men disbanded.

It was Sunday morning. Little Pancho was quiet, clean with sunlight. In the Plaza the cottonwoods were thick with sparrows and the heavy unsteady noise of their chirping breaks the silence only of the Plaza. Perhaps the town is sleeping.

Father Arthuis walks in front of his church, expansive with nine o'clock benignity. On the sidewalk there is a dark spot, shown tourists as blood of Pancho Villa. Father Arthuis clasps his hands behind him and moves leisurely; he is content with the ways of his people, for they are as vigorous in peace as in revolution.

The church is filling rapidly. María García, wife of Tomás, moves slowly down the aisle on her knees, one leg, then the other. Her long dress catches on a splinter and wearily she turns to free it.

Bowed heads, black shawls, wild black hair. Father Arthuis whispers to an attendant, and the boy hurries away. The mayor is here, and Urbano Espinosa, and Jovita who took lysol, and the girls from the Zone of Tolerance, who come on Sunday. They talk, they are quiet, they whisper. Father Arthuis speaks. the noise distends; except the rustling of handkerchiefs, there is no interruption.

G. F. NOXON

PORTA DI ROMA*

Towards evening I left the town by the large Porta di Roma. The Porta di Roma is built of huge stone blocks that are not mortared together, so that when I walked underneath, I thought of the one stone which is the key to the whole arch, and I thought that if that one stone were to break at that moment by chance, I should be killed. Killed most certainly very quickly, before any priest-confessor could possibly reach me. Just as I passed under the arch, a girl passed under at the same time. She was walking slowly towards me, going up into the town. She wore a dark shawl, and by her walk I knew her to be a prostitute. Suddenly I understood the danger of her walking under the Porta di Roma. If it were to fall we should be crushed together under the huge blocks of stone of which it is constructed. Her heel would doubtless be ground into my head just above the eye, but everything would be flat, so there was no knowing how the relative significance of our forms might change, or indeed whether the human characteristics of our bodies would be retained at all. In order to avert this terrible catastrophe, I cried out.

" Hi, girl, pass on, pass on quickly into the town, they'll be waiting for you on the Corso. "

" Who'll be waiting for me on the Corso ? "

" The men of course, your friends, the tall officers with the padded shoulders and the slightly curved tin swords. "

*From *Fall Conversation.*

"I don't know any officers; at least, not now." She had turned close up to me now, and I saw her eyes were large and black with long lashes, and there was scarcely any paint on her face, so that you could only tell that she was a prostitute by the way she walked, and when she was still close up to you, you couldn't tell at all.

"I did know an officer once in Trasimeno del Lago, when I was younger. I got older with him. He kind of made me old, but I suppose I'd got old anyway, just hanging round Trasimeno del Lago."

"You come from Trasimeno del Lago?"

"I was born in Siena."

"What're you doing around here?"

"Same as I used to in Trasimeno del Lago, just hanging around, like I used to afterwards." By this time she had given up going into the town and she turned to walk with me, and we passed out from under the Porta di Roma, outside the town, into the road which was covered with a very fine white dust. I noticed our footprints. She wore very high heeled shoes that seemed to sink farther into the dust than my wide comfortable boots.

"Where were you going just now?"

"Up into the town, I suppose."

"What do you mean, 'you suppose'? Don't you know where you were going anyway?"

"Well, no. What does it matter where I go anyway?"

"I thought you were going up into the town on to the Corso, where those young officers with the padded shoulders sit at Calci's, with their slightly curved tin swords stuck under the tables to prevent them slipping away."

"No, I wasn't going anywhere special, although I suppose I'd have ended up on the Corso, somewhere near Calci's."

"Don't you know any men up there in the town, who wait for you in the evenings in the last light up by Calci's on the Corso?"

" No, I don't know any men in this town. "

" Why not ? How long've you been here ? "

" I don't know. A week or so. "

" Eight days, eight evenings, eight nights, and you don't know any man yet! "

" Well, you see, I didn't come here to get to know men on the Corso. I—came to kind of get away. "

" To get away from where ? "

" Trasimeno del Lago. "

" Trasimeno ? I thought you were born in Siena ? "

" Yes, I was. But I knew an officer in Trasimeno. He was with the seaplane squadron on the lake. All day long the machines hummed in the air above the lake and the men learned to pilot in them all day. Each man in his turn learned to be a pilot. I always could hear the sound of the planes in my ears all the day everywhere. So I always felt he was near by me all day, while he was really away with the planes over the lake learning to be a pilot. Some days he would come to me in the evening and say over his Strega: ' There was a crash to-day, over by Passegnano. The fellow misjudged the distance by a few metres. He was burnt and the whole plane with him and fifty gallons of petrol, and the commandant's in the very devil of a rage, and why can't people learn to fly, as he had, without getting themselves burnt over by Passegnano! ' Then he would drink Strega, and we would be happy together, for we loved each other very much and were to be married.

" So one day in the evening about this time I was standing by the lake at the pier where the boats come in, waiting for him, when a friend of his, quite a nice boy with a moustache, came up to me and said: 'There was a crash to-day this side of Passegnano.' For a moment I thought it was Pietro who spoke, then I saw that it was just his nice boy friend with a moustache. It wasn't Pietro, my officer, at all. He stopped, so I said: 'Was there ?' 'Yes,' he said, 'there was, and Pietro (that

was my officer) won't be coming this evening.' 'Oh,' I said, 'won't he? I suppose he had to go out with the lorry crew to bring in the wreck; still, he ought to be back in time to see me anyway.' I said that because I thought that he might have been ordered to go out with the lorry crew to bring back the wreck of the man who had crashed over by Passegnano. The boy turned away, I didn't see why for a second, and then I ran after him and turned him round with my hands, and looked into his eyes, which he'd hid from me. 'Yes,' he said, 'he's dead.'

"Then I didn't think Pietro was dead and laughed, and then the way he looked at me I knew Pietro really was burnt alive in a wreck this side of Passegnano learning to be a pilot. I didn't do anything, for we were in front of a café. I didn't faint and I didn't speak. I just knew that things were going on, I was going on, the nice boy with the moustache was going on, and Pietro, Pietro had stopped. Pietro wouldn't come any more in the evening.

"Then his friend said: 'Come and have a drink. It'll set you up.'

"So I went and had a Strega with him at the café.

"He said: 'Pietro misjudged the distance by a few metres, his plane piled up on the bank just this side of Passegnano, and the commandant's in the devil of a stew.'"

The girl stopped talking, and we walked without speaking along the road, our feet causing tiny puffs of dust to rise up behind us as we walked.

"And then you came away," I said.

"No, I stayed to have the baby with a woman who had a cottage up in the olive groves beside the lake. She was anxious about me, because every day about this time I used to look out over the lake towards Passegnano, standing up by the window. The woman was very old and said she'd forgotten about her first baby, so it couldn't have been very bad. But she was very old. When the

baby came it was dead, and I couldn't stand the sound of the planes any longer, so I left and went to Arezzo and other towns, and then I came here. I knew some men in the other towns, but I came here because I didn't know any one."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"That I came here?"

"No, about Pietro."

"About Pietro, yes; I was very unhappy."

"Yes, you must have suffered."

We walked along the road. The sun had set and the sky was green canvas to the painted swallows that wheeled round the belfry of Santo Francesco.

"Where are you going?" asked the girl.

"To the cemetery of San Domenico."

"You go to visit a grave?"

"No. Just for a walk."

"I think I'll go back to the town."

"Must you?"

"No, I needn't. But I think I will."

She turned and left me. I didn't stop, but kept walking along the road. She stopped and called, "Good-bye."

"Good-bye and good-night," I answered, without turning round.

The night was coming on fast. I walked to the cemetery and sat there for a while. Then I went home by the Porta della Libertà, through the noisy streets to my home.

The next day I came out on to the Corso about eleven o'clock. The street was crowded with men from the Cambio. Men, and small children. I sat down outside Calci's and watched the children playing. I thought, as I watched, how easily a motor-car might pass over a child playing in the street, and of the dismay there would be in the street outside Calci's if a motor-car did pass over a child in front of me. I should probably be stained with blood. The thought of this terrible catastrophe made me

get up from my table and go inside Calci's. There was only one man inside. He sat with his newspaper on his knees and his head in his hands. It was Pietro Carducci, a captain. I sat down at the table next to him. "Hullo, Ugolino," he said, "read that." And he handed me the newspaper, indicating a certain column with his finger. I looked at it. It read——

"Last night certain inhabitants of the Rione di San Francesco were awakened from their sleep about one o'clock in the morning by the sound of falling masonry. Many of them left their beds and ran bravely to discover the cause of this disturbance. They found that the Porta di Roma, which, it has been known for many years, was in an unsafe condition, had collapsed. As the débris was gradually being cleared away to make a passage for the early morning market carts, two bodies were discovered, a male and a female. The one has been identified as Captain Giulio Rinaldi of the third division, a gentleman well known on the Corso. The head of the female was so destroyed as to be unrecognizable, but the body was taken to the Morgue, and has since been identified by several citizens as that of Maria Brunaldo, said to have been a native of Siena, and but lately come to this city."

"What I can't understand," said Pietro, "is why she claimed to be Sienese."

"And the baby," I said; "was it born dead in the cottage in the olive groves by the lake?"

"What the hell, there was no baby. Maria was the daughter of the grocer at Trasimeno del Lago. But how in the hell did you know——"

"She told me."

"What, the story about the seaplane?"

"Yes."

Pietro rolled with laughter. "Have a Strega."

"No, thanks," I said; "but I'll have a limonata."

"So will I, I hate Strega," said Pietro.

So we had two limonatas.

Drawing, by *A. Walkowitz*

SELDEN RODMAN

MARIANNA IN THE PARK

A row of benches curved to the slope of the west
Mr. O'Brian unfastened the last of his vest
And moved in silence slowly with equal motion
Toward the shrine of the unknown girl's devotion
Who said sitting in the shade of the iron statue
To-day is your last chance if you come I'll catch you.

Between the two between the trees and the benches
Between the decaying lines of nurses and wenches
Waiting for men who will never come waiting
For the children in chalked circles undulating
O'Brian undid the work of his late undoing
And thought to himself of the ways of his proximate wooing.

Come here stay off the grass don't you see the sign
My mother is dying my motor is out of line
Two more days and we'll both sleep in the shade
Under the trees or under the bars my maid
Expects too much let's go to the movies it's Sunday
Maybe I shouldn't try to make her till Monday.

He said my spirit is strong but the blood is stronger
Maybe my last chance and couldn't wait longer
She said I see him coming I won't look yet
He'll stop if he doesn't he isn't a man he'll forget
He will he won't he has but he doesn't see me
Well if he does I'll smile the gods be with me.

John O'Brian by trade a salesman of garters
Looked like the dust flying after the Tartars
Looked like a morning of rain on Avenue A
But gathered his nerves in a huddle in time to say
Good-morning good-afternoon to a smothered laughter
And married her in a cathedral five days after.

II

This is the sixth day they walk in the park
Behind the lamps lighted the day grows dark
While over the range of buildings along the east
Sightless until the switch and the wire seized
Them transfiguring eyes with the light of can't you
Try it again if you talk that way I can't stand you.

Her he had seen first on the morning of Sunday
And come to the place a second time on Monday
Tuesday and Wednesday you can't be sick for ever
Too many men are standing in line while the weather
Frowns when the doors are closed when the night wind mutters
In Italy they pick cigars from the gutters

But here they show you the door I can't help it
I've seen the local manager of the WELLFIT
No use keep out of my circle draw one of your own
Would you rather have lived the rest of your life alone
Who said I would in France they wear them higher
In France the men and women are playing with fire.

Cover them up the street is a house of pleasure
Next the Church *enough for three days of leisure*
After that's gone what I said to her and she said
That's absolutely the most uncomfortable bed
I've ever *and then supposing we had a child*
The lights approach through the trees the evening is mild

The stars are coming the children are walking home
The band is playing under the sliced-off dome
People are meeting whose eyes in the dark glitter
Yes it is a sweet world we are bitter
A sad world I'll do it meet me at eleven
And silence covered the park like the mercy of heaven.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

POETRY AND TRUTH

There are certain problems in the aesthetics of literature which have been solved so variously and so often that they have obviously never been solved at all. They bob up again in connexion with every new school of writers and they are summarily disposed of in the interest of that school; but they persist nevertheless and constitute the classical themes upon which every aesthetician must discourse.

One of the most general is that which concerns the relationship between "literature" and "life". It has been stated in many ways and solved in many more, for it is the chief bone of contention between all the varieties of realists and all the varieties of idealists who divide between them all the possible theories of art. But the terms themselves are far from easy to define and each attempt at a solution begins with a preliminary attempt to discover alternate terms precise enough to make discussion profitable, and it is with the implications of one of these restatements that the present essay will deal.

Certain critics who prefer to emphasize the independence of art, to deny absolutely that it need concern itself with "life" or "experience", have insisted that "poetry"—by which they mean imaginative literature—can best be understood through its analogy with mathematics, and that is the contention I wish to examine.

Obviously any poetic work involves certain premises upon which its development depends. Thus the *Iliad*

assumes the truth of the whole of primitive Greek religion, and we can follow it only if we, too, consent to make a similar assumption. Nor is it any less true that every poet makes similar assumptions, even though, as it may frequently happen, his assumptions are so much nearer than Homer's to those we habitually make that we are hardly aware of their being made. Hence, to establish even a superficial comparison between, let us say, a play of Racine and the geometry of Euclid, is to observe that both are consistent elaborations of a set of premises ; and the analogy becomes even more striking if Euclid be considered from the point of view of a mathematical philosopher (for whom his geometry is only one of many possible geometries), just as a play of Racine is, from the point of view of the aesthetician, only one of the many possible forms which a chain of tragic reasoning may take.

Moreover, the analogy will be found clearer if one translates into metaphysical terms an account of the process by which either a work of literature or a system of mathematics is evolved. Both are the result of what is sometimes called hypothetico-deductive reasoning —both, that is to say, consist essentially in the statement of propositions having the form "if——then"; and, from a purely metaphysical standpoint, it makes no difference whatever that the explicit premises of the one consist in statements about lines and points and the implied premises of the other consist in statements about justice, honour, and the like. Both are "true" in the sense that the "then" follows incontrovertibly from the "if", but either is, in another sense, true only to the extent that its premises correspond to something having an independent existence in that realm we call Nature.

Thus a geometry and a tragedy resemble one another, not only in their hypothetico-deductive character, but also in the fact—itself a consequence of the reasoning

employed—that each is capable of achieving one or both of two kinds of "truth", kinds so entirely independent of one another that either a geometry or a poem may be at once perfect and, so far as any correspondence with experience is concerned, utterly false. The geometry of Euclid, unlike certain other geometries, happens to deal with lines and points on the basis of premises which enable us to obtain certain useful results, when we identify these abstractions with those concrete approximations to lines and points with which the surveyor or the engineer deals. But from the standpoint of sheer mathematics this circumstance is irrelevant, since it depends entirely upon an empirical fact and not at all upon any superiority in the mathematical reasoning whereby the conclusions are deduced. For similar reasons it might be argued that the poetical merit of a production in verse is entirely independent of its truth to fact and the following sentence—cited in *The Journal of Philosophy* as a perfect example of pure mathematical reasoning—might be offered as an equally perfect example of no less pure poetry: "That a cow is an elephant and an elephant is a bird implies that a cow is a bird." To that extent "pure poetry" and "pure mathematics" are identical.

Yet however true this may be, the fact remains that neither "pure poetry" nor "pure mathematics" is much more than a curiosity. The pre-eminent consideration long enjoyed by the geometry of Euclid has been largely the result of that correspondence with empirical fact which has just been rejected as a non-mathematical characteristic and the pre-eminence long enjoyed by *Hamlet* or *Lear* is, in similar fashion, partly the result of the fact that its premises seem to bear some relation—however remote—to the premises concerning human psychology and character which we have, for empirical reasons, adopted. Hence Euclid is not "pure mathematics" and *Hamlet* is not "pure poetry".

Hence, to go further, if we compare, not "pure poetry" with "pure mathematics", but that sort of poetry most valued by the world with that sort of mathematics most generally studied by it, we shall find that though certain analogies persist, the two are no longer identical. And we shall find, still further, that one of the most important differences between the two arises from the fact that the mathematician is cold and detached, whereas certain excellencies of the poet are possible only because of his passionate prejudices.

The mathematician, carefully defining the extent to which be regards his premises as empirically justifiable, is indifferent concerning the conclusion to which he is led, and he aims at a formal, purely inhuman beauty, a beauty consisting exclusively of logical conceptions which neither arouses nor appeases the passions—for the simple reason that it does not anywhere touch them. But the poet is neither so detached nor, usually at least, so clear. Dealing with materials which touch us closely, evoking at every moment an eager desire that certain statements may be true and certain apprehensions false, he is emotionally attracted to one premise rather than to another for the very reason that it will lead to an emotionally satisfactory conclusion, and he often leaves in complete confusion two separate questions—the question of the extent to which his deductions are consistent and that of the extent to which they have, like the geometry of Euclid, the independent virtue of a correspondence with the experience of mankind.

Moreover, the peculiar value which poetry has is the result of these facts. It is poetry only because the "if" of its syllogism leads to a humanly satisfactory "then", and the very fact that it does so often leads us to adopt towards its premises a particular kind of indulgence characteristic of the poetic mood. Thus at certain times we are led to accept, as though pragmatically justified, premises which an unprejudiced examination

would lead us to reject as contrary to experience. And even when we cannot to that extent delude ourselves, we are very likely to accord them what is sometimes called "poetic faith"—to accept them as pleasing hypotheses without clearly defining in our own minds the extent to which we believe them contrary to or in accordance with fact. Hence the poet's art might be defined as the art of achieving humanly pleasing constructions upon the basis of premises capable of seeming justified; and the various styles of poetry might be differentiated, either according to the extent to which they involve premises contrary to fact, or according to the methods which they employ to make these premises acceptable.

Yet this fact does not—as it might at first appear—make the art of literature merely the art of producing illusion, and neither does it imply that its only function is to provide a simple escape from the realm of our experience with Nature into a more pleasing realm of undisciplined fancy. The fact—not yet mentioned—which most clearly distinguishes the poet from the mathematician and which, at the same time, is the source of his greatest significance, is the fact that his premises are of the same complicated sort as those we are constantly compelled to make as part of the process of living and which, whether they be made the basis of a poem or the basis of a life, are not always or even usually to be judged with certainty as empirically either true or false. His most important premises are, that is to say, not premises concerning points and lines, but premises concerning highly complicated entities such as human nature, justice, honour, and the like. He does not, like Euclid, say that if a straight line is the shortest distance between two points and if parallel lines do not meet, then the sum of the squares of the two sides of a right angle triangle is equal to the square of its hypotenuse; he does, on the contrary—and like Racine—say that if human character

is this, and if human honour is that, then events both will and should turn out thus or so.

But there neither is nor can be any general agreement that these premises are absolutely true or absolutely false. Indeed, while certain of them—such as those which concern human character—may be tested by experience and hence may be empirically true or false, certain others—such as those which concern themselves with honour or justice—can have no kind of truth except that which comes into existence when they are passionately affirmed. And yet all are of the sort which we make when we live a particular kind of life or construct a particular kind of civilization. Hence the art of living is, no less than the art of poetry, the art "of achieving humanly pleasing constructions upon the basis of premises capable of seeming justified."

The artist is not always, perhaps not usually, aware of the extent to which his premises are arbitrary. Shakespeare doubtless felt that the kind of beauty he chose to make manifest, the kind of order he chose to impose and the kind of justice he chose to celebrate, were in some way superior to all others, and the solidity of a work of art usually depends, in part at least, upon the depth of its author's faith in its unique significance. But civilizations are composed in the same way and seem inevitable only to those who accept without question their premises. If the author of the royal tales of *Hamlet* and *Lear* never asked how life seemed to more lowly personages, neither did the civilization of which he was a part ask such a question. To admit that the experience of the materially and spiritually dispossessed must also be worked into any satisfactory pattern is to produce, on the one hand, the plays of a Hauptmann and, on the other hand, the civilization which corresponds. Democracy and the bourgeois drama go hand in hand: they are the manifestation in two different arts of an interest in the same aspects of possible human experience.

II

Temperaments inclined to positivism and common sense manifest towards art an impatience which they attempt to justify by emphasizing its phantasmagoric character. They see in it only a flight from reality and an escape from those problems of the good life with which, they feel, it is our duty to grapple. But they fail to observe that the objections which they raise are objections to which all human constructions are open—that every sociology as well as every religion; every theory of political justice as well as every theory of morality, involves certain assumptions, parallel to those which the artist makes. Hence literature is not always merely an escape from life, because its premises are usually either borrowed from the premises of the civilization amid which it is constructed or they are assumed as the basis of experimental constructions which serve, more or less accurately, to indicate what form either a life or a civilization might be expected to assume if these premises were adopted.

Nor, if we examine more substantial masterpieces, will it fail to appear that it is usually they which most conspicuously possess, beside the virtue of consistency, this last-mentioned vitrue; that their premises are the premises with which mankind has either experimented or desired to experiment. Pure fancy—the non-Euclidian geometry of literature—may divert us; but those works which have the strongest grip are those whose premises are at least related to the premises according to which we are trying to live. And it is thus that the most vital relationship between art and life is established, for art is most significant for life, not when it attempts a scientific positivism, but when it recognizes the fact that, whether we live or write, we do so upon the basis of premises whose very nature renders their justifi-

cation dubious. The curtain falls at length upon both a play by Racine and a play by Ibsen; there is a "finis" to the life of a St. Francis or a Cellini. Neither life and neither drama can be said to follow more consistently than the other from its premises. Must it not be granted also that neither set of premises may be called, in any absolute sense, truer than the others?

Upon certain occasions, to be sure, literature may permit itself extravagances which would prove rapidly fatal to an individual or a society. Thus a poem may assume that well feathered arms are sufficient for flying whereas a man who attempted to base his life upon that conviction would come to grief for reasons very different from those which are supposed to have brought about the downfall of Icarus. There are, in other words, certain premises so plainly contrary to those which experience would justify, that they involve inevitable disaster in the realm of Nature; but such premises play in our lives a role hardly more important than that played by others less easily and less decisively classifiable as admissible or not.

Undoubtedly Nature does fix certain limits beyond which we may not wander. Undoubtedly these limits are narrower than those within which logic and imagination are confined. But even the margin which Nature allows is wide and if, for this reason, life differs sharply from what is narrowly called "Art", the two are nevertheless branches of Art in the sense that both are constructed upon premises many of which are, from the empirical standpoint, dubious rather than either true of false.

PRUDENCE VAN TINE

GHOST MOUNTAIN

You don't know what you will do till you actually do it. I've heard a lot of people in my time, boasting about what they are going to do, and that they won't submit any longer to conditions as they are, and that they are going to do this and that and so forth. But they seldom do anything at all, but just go along as usual and accept things as they come—keeping up their grumbling.... It was that way with Laura Manning. I often agreed with her that she was a fool, but maybe after all she wasn't. How can we judge these things?

She lived up there in Ghost Mountain with her husband. We always called the place Ghost Mountain, though there weren't really mountains at all. There were actually only hills : sloping, shadowy hills, rock-filled. Great white rocks protruded here and there all over them. The rocks looked like ghosts moving about on moonlight nights. And then there were pine trees. Tall, jagged pines rising out of black earth... swaying in the wind and moaning low, they made you think that the ghosts were talking to one another. I'll tell you, it would be mighty spoky for a stranger to come to Ghost Mountain for the first time on a windy, moonlight night.

Then there was the lake, buried deep in the hills. It wasn't a natural lake. It had been hollowed, scooped out of the earth and filled with the spring water running down from the hills—by a millionaire.

He had come out from the city, bought a piece of land and built himself a house. This had happened years and

years ago. After he'd built the house, he had built the lake. And after he'd built the lake, he grew tired of Ghost Mountain and went away to the city—or elsewhere. We never saw him again. You might easily have thought the white rocks seeming to move in the moonlight bothered him. For we used to hear him curse them when he thought no one was listening. That was after his wife died. She didn't exactly die—not naturally, that is. You see, she was a sleep-walker. At least her husband said she was a sleep-walker, so I suppose she was. You might have thought, though, that she didn't like the noise and confusion going on in the millionaire's house. That she didn't like the dancing and drinking—the carousing. She used to wander over the hills, and sit on the rocks late at night—far out from the house. Sometimes she would climb the hills to the north—skirting the lake—and sit on a rock 'way on the other side. You could see her on moonlight nights.

One night her husband followed her. He rowed across the lake in a boat and found her on the other side. He got her into the boat and was rowing back when she leaped out and plunged into the water. He, the millionaire, tried to save her—but couldn't. He told the story himself, and so, of course, the village people knew it was true. It seems his wife was sleep-walking, which he said was a habit with her. She didn't wake up until he had her in the boat and had rowed out to the middle of the lake. Then she had come to and had jumped into the water. It was a very sad thing. A tragedy. Every one felt sorry for the millionaire. As I say, he went away from Ghost Mountain shortly after that, and we haven't seen him since.

But the millionaire, really, hasn't anything to do with the story of Laura Manning, except, of course, that the place became more dull after he went away. Laura used to watch the lights across the lake shining out from the big-house windows. And she talked to the poor, sad

wife at times. So you see things became pretty quiet in Ghost Mountain after the millionaire's house was closed.

The Mannings' house wasn't far from the lake. Just a stone's throw. A good stone's throw, I'd say. It wasn't a bad sort of house, for Dad Manning loved to tinker about fixing things. Things looked very nice at the Mannings. That's about all he did : tinker about fixing things. Some say he was a bit of a genius, in a way. And I guess he was. He could do wonderful things with his hands. Make things, you know. Useless things, such as tiny, hand-carved boxes, walking sticks—and instruments to play on. These instruments were useless, too. Laura could tell you that. No one could play them but Dad. He made beautiful music. I'm not a music-lover, but sometimes, going up the path to the Mannings' house, I'd have to stop and listen. I'd feel as though I'd died, maybe, and gone to heaven. I'm getting pretty old anyway... a little silly, I suppose.

Dad Manning's getting old, too. Older than I am, I think. Yes, I'm sure of it. You see, Laura's thirty-five—and Dad's twice her age. How she'd come to marry a man twice her age, I can't tell you. She never told me just how it happened that she married a man so much older than herself. But it wouldn't be hard to imagine just how it was. Even now, at seventy, Dad has a great charm, they say. When he wants to be gay, he can be gay, let me tell you. He can dance and sing and prance about with any of them. Laura says it's all false-alarm.... You can draw your own conclusion from that.

You wouldn't know it to look at her, but Laura's a red-blooded woman. She looks sort of subdued now—and unsexed, I suppose you'd call it. If you could see the light and snap I've seen in her eyes, when she talked to me about leaving Ghost Mountain, you'd know what I mean by saying Laura's a red-blooded woman.

Well, maybe Dad is a false-alarm. Maybe he always was a false-alarm. Maybe Laura found that out right

after she married him. She was only eighteen. Maybe those things didn't mean so much to her then. Except a baby. That was what she always wanted, she said. So you can see how it would be when a red-blooded woman like Laura gets to be thirty-five—and has lived in Ghost Mountain all her married life with a man like Dad Manning. Wanting a baby all the time, too. It's bound to be pretty hard on her.

Laura used to cry a good deal, cry and sob. It seemed to me there was a sob clinging to her lower lip all the time. I've often wondered why it always affects a woman like that : crying and sobbing. And nervous. I'm not up much on those things, but I'm not exactly dumb, either. I could easily see what was hurting Laura. Even if she hadn't told me. But she did. Laura used to have these crying-spells more than usual, after she'd go to the city for a day—and come back home again. It seemed a shame the way she always had to hurry home when she went to the city. Dad would send her—he'd need a tool, a certain kind of wood—or something. He never sent for things like that unless he wanted them right away. So Laura would have to go in on the morning train and back again in the evening. She had friends in the city, it seemed. That made it all the harder. Her friends would want her to stay all night and go to a theatre, but she never stayed. She always hurried home to Dad, with the things he had sent her after. Dad had to have his supper on time, too—that was another thing.

I had a suspicion, even before Laura told me, that she met some man in the city when she went in for Dad. You see, she would bring home boxes of candy and once in a while a bottle of booze. That, I guessed, was to keep Dad in a good humour. Oh, yes, Dad liked his swig—and Laura wasn't above taking a little bit herself. Not that you could blame her. Who wouldn't take a drink to break the monotony of Ghost Mountain—or any other place, for that matter ? I think Laura's friend in the

city—the man, I mean—was a bootlegger. I don't know that he was a bootlegger: I only have a hunch that he was. But what difference does that make? He was a big fellow—Laura told me that. Forty-five years old. From all I gathered from Laura, he was red-blooded like herself. That made it more difficult for Laura, I suppose.

When Laura went to the city she saw this man for only a few minutes—not long enough, nor privately enough to get into any mischief: just before train time, in some lunch room—or in the station.... About the whisky: she always told Dad that one of her women friends had given it to her. Not that Laura exactly deceived Dad. She was wonderful to him. She treated him like a child. With the kindness and gentleness you show a child. She worried over him and fussed over him like a mother when he was sick—or when he was well, for that matter. It was a sort of mother and child arrangement, I guess. Dad liked it. He *lived* on it. I don't know what he would have done without Laura. And she didn't either.

Laura was always happy before she went to the city. The glint, the sparkle, would come into her eyes. She would hurry about, singing over her work, while she was dressing. Dressing in the few rags she had to her back, poor thing. It wasn't that Dad couldn't afford to buy clothes for Laura—it was just that he didn't think about it. And she wasn't the kind to ask for them. She pressed what she had: a black dress and a tan sport coat, dressed, jumped in the old Ford, drove to the train—and off to the city, singing all the while. Then, coming back in the evening, firm-lipped, sad. The next day the tears would come—and her tale of woe to me: she wasn't going to stand it any longer; she was wasting her life, the next time she went to the city she wouldn't come back—and so forth. But she didn't do anything different! She stayed in Ghost Mountain, cooking and sewing—waiting on Dad Manning. Even petting him.... Not that it did her any good. Dad wasn't the petting kind. That is,

he liked to be petted himself, but there was no petting in return. That always makes it hard for an affectionate woman, doesn't it?

About this time Dad received a letter from a cousin of his. A cousin he had been in business with at one time. This cousin was quite a bit younger than Dad. He had, years ago, thought Dad was a genius and had gone in for him strong. Dad hadn't done much in return, but lose a lot of his cousin's money. They had split up, and Dad, disgusted with the world in general, had picked himself out a wife and had settled down in Ghost Mountain. Dad hadn't been out of Ghost Mountain for seventeen years. He often said he'd had enough of life to last him a lifetime.

As I say, about this time he received the letter from his cousin, wanting him to pack his trunk and go off somewhere in the sunshine to live with him.... Nothing was said about Laura going along. She looked a bit down in the mouth for a while, but one day I caught the old sparkle in her eyes and knew she was up to something. Dad was too excited over going away to notice anything unusual in Laura. He sent her to the city again. This time for things to put in the trunk. New things for him to wear. I saw Laura the first thing when she came back from the city. She was dazzling. Her brown eyes glowed blackly. And she sang. That was the first time she had ever sung upon her return from the city.... Dad commented only once about Laura's singing. He said she seemed mighty happy. That it was a queer time to be happy just when he was going away. For two pins he wouldn't go at all. Laura told him she was happy. That it would do him a world of good to go away—to get into a new climate, into the sunshine. That they would both be very, very happy when he returned.

Well, Dad got all fixed to go, and Laura put him on the train—with tears dripping from her lashes—and away he went.

The next day Laura told me what she was going to do. Her mind was quite made up. It seemed she had met this man in the city again, and they had planned everything : she was going to the city to live, while Dad was away—and maybe she wouldn't ever come back. Anyway, she was going to have an affair with this man in the city. Laura had picked up that word : affair. And she used it, let me tell you. She seemed to like it. She would stick her little chin in the air and would say the word in a defiant manner. Proudly, too. It was a great word. Another word Laura had picked up was : impotent. She used it in connexion with Dad, sometimes.

To get back to the story—it was all arranged. Everything. I took Laura's hand in mine and congratulated her, wishing her a pleasant stay in the city. You see, it was all right for me to go to see Laura and hold her hand. Me, being an old man—almost as old as her husband. That was safe, wasn't it? One old man was enough. Too many, you might say.

When I said good-bye to Laura, she said I wasn't to say good-bye. That is, not just then. She had so many things to do before having this affair in the city. It was such a wonderful opportunity to clean the house. Dad had always been so fussy about her cleaning, and the house was a sight. Well, she started in to clean the house. Dad had always been in the way before, she said—so this time she could go over everything thoroughly. There was Laura going over everything thoroughly : sorting papers; throwing things away; putting things away; painting chairs, tables, picture-frames; washing the walls, floors, ceilings ; scrubbing and rubbing, and sorting from morning until night. Serious-faced Laura, cleaning the house.

One week ran into two; two into three; finally, three into four : a month! All this time Laura had been getting letters, telegrams, boxes of candy. Sometimes, while she was cleaning, she'd sit back on her heels and gaze

into the space of the room. I often found her like that, when I'd drop in of a morning. She'd be holding a telegram—looking at nothing. Nothing that you could see, that is. When I'd find her like this, she'd hide the letter or telegram in her apron pocket. Shoving it out of sight, quickly. She'd tell me that she must finish this or that. That in a few days now she'd be off to the city.

Dad was writing letters, too—all this time. He didn't like it so well with his cousin. It rained too much out there, where there was supposed to be sunshine. He didn't have anything to do. He was lonely. He didn't feel very well. Laura would write and tell him he must stay. That it was a wonderful thing for him and all that.

Well, finally the house was spick and span. I couldn't see how Laura could find anything more to do. I said : It's good-bye and good-luck now, I suppose.... Laura said : Yes, she'd be going, now, she guessed. Another telegram—urging her. I could tell that, though she didn't tell me. She didn't tell me much just then. And she seemed a bit timid—almost ashamed in my presence. It was funny how she'd avoid my eyes when we were talking.

The next time I dropped in, Laura was still there. She was cleaning up Dad's work-shop. It seems she thought it wouldn't be right to go away and not clean up Dad's work-shop. You see, Laura was a good wife, and she was afraid Dad might come back, and she wouldn't be there, and the work-shop would still be dirty and mussed up. Dad kept a lot of junk about and there certainly was a lot of sorting and cleaning to be done there. It took a whole week, for Laura never did anything carelessly. She wanted everything to be tidy and clean.

Then there was the basement. Laura's tone was sad when she told me about that. She said she was really getting very forgetful, but it was only because she was in such a hurry that she had forgotten the basement. It really looked like the wrath of god. She hated to go

away and leave things dirty and mussed up. So Laura stayed and cleaned up the place. Made everything shining, spick and span, in order.

To make a long story short—it was six weeks before Laura decided her house was in order. Everything clean. Now, she said, she'd go to the city and have that affair. It was strange, I suppose, but her eyes didn't shine when she told me. She had a sort of resigned look, an air of surrender. A little determined, too. She started to pack up, taking her time, doing her packing thoroughly, not haphazardly, as some people do. There were some little dresses to be repaired too. And there was washing and ironing of underthings and nightgowns. The Lord knows her nightgowns should at least look decent!

The very day she was all ready to go—everything packed; everything cleaned; everything in order—a telegram came from Dad. He said he was on his way home. He couldn't stand it there with his cousin any longer. He was lonely. He didn't feel very well.

It seemed my heart would break for Laura. It seemed a tragic thing that she should have missed having that affair in the city. It was like the millionaire's wife buried in the lake.... Only worse, I guess. Laura was buried there in Ghost Mountain just as completely as she. Only she had to *live* with her misery.... I say it *seemed* tragic, but it must not have been, for I saw a great relief in Laura's eyes. She started to unpack her things, put them away. She looked at me and said it was a mighty good thing that she *had* stayed at home and cleaned up the house, for now that Dad was coming back she wouldn't have a chance to do it. He always fussed so about things.

MARGARET E. LEWIS

OH SILENT GOD!

(Out of a heavy warmth of Chinese sunshine I step into an ancient god's still shrine to question him).

Within your rock-hewn shrine we meet; I questioning, you still.
Without, a white wind bends to light the slender blades of rice,
Ruffles the gilt eyes of the sea that spins a web beside your thin threshold.

Quiet you sit in calm.
I cry in eagerness, "Who are you? But tell me who you are."
The air throbs with the pale incense, the cobwebs spun of years of dust twist fingers overhead,
And one frail paper lantern thin with age wags gently in the air.
"But tell me who you are. Are you a god of Hate, of Love, of Destiny, War, Birth, Death, Virtue; what are you?"

Old beauty broods on tarnished wings that droop.
Beyond thin bright wind flows, beyond the sea... the sea... the sea forever bends
Blue hands along the shore.
"Are you the truth, oh god? But answer me."

One shrill sharp cricket voice hid in a crack of rock responds,
But no reply awakes the silence of your folded lips.
"Oh see, I long to know, to find the truth, to worship;
Are you truth?"

Upon the quiet air curved echoes bend grey throats,
Curved echoes, wind, and sea,
Frail lantern hung by dead, blue incense burnt by dead....
I bow, I bend my Life, in hush I wait to hear
The Great Hush make reply.
No answer comes; lo, all is Still... Still... Still....

GELETT BURGESS

A MURDER AT THE MONDE

If you've ever lingered in Paris for more than the three breathless weeks of the orthodox tourist, you'll probably have discovered at least one of the two social sanctuaries where Americans foregather. If you have more cash than imagination, you go, before dinner, to see and be seen at the Ritz bar ("Douglas Fairbanks was there yesterday "... but he's never there to-day). If you can't afford champagne cocktails, however, you're pretty apt to be found of an afternoon, an evening, drinking your little old *café crème* or *bock* at the Café du Monde. At the Monde you can always find peanuts and gossip, the American papers, and plenty of thirsty expatriates to help you loaf.

The Monde, and its rival cafés, stand at the Cross-roads of the World. So modern French novelists call it, anyway. The star-rayed intersection it is of two wide, tree-lined Montparnasse boulevards and a lot of little streets named for dead celebrities. But enough live ones struggle, succeed or starve within a stone's throw to fill a *Who's Who.*

From my hotel window I can easily see every one on the broad sidewalk *terrasses* of the two biggest cafés. It was last November that, looking out one night, I saw Dillwood. He was sitting outside there, at the Café du Monde. It was late; it was chilly; he was all alone, Dillwood, amongst the deserted rows of little iron tables and chairs under the big orange awning. Beneath an electric light, he was, near a brazier full of glowing coals.

I had always rather liked Dillwood. He was a little troubled with youngness, but he had a companionable

charm. I didn't think Paris was doing him much good, though. You couldn't glance into the Monde without seeing him there. As much at home with the waiters, Dillwood was, as the dopy Monde cat. I had to go over to the Monde bar, that night, to get some cigars. But little did I expect, when I offered Dillwood one, that he was going to keep me guessing till three in the morning.

He was slumped down in a wicker chair; the collar of his old wrinkled trench coat turned up; hands shoved into sagging pockets. He was muttering to himself. He was almost as seedy and forlorn as the poor devil in front of us, picking up cigarette butts from the sidewalk.

Dillwood needed a shave pretty badly; he needed sleep, too, I thought. But what he himself thought he needed most was a drink. It was while he was sipping a steaming hot *grog américain* that I noticed that Dillwood was pale. He was nervous, too.

When I asked him what he had been doing with himself, Dillwood gave me a sick smile. Then his hazel eyes—rather intelligent eyes they were, too, behind his tortoise-shell goggles—looked away, off towards nowhere. I hope I haven't given the impression that Dillwood was a drunkard. He wasn't. But his whole face was pulled into a cynical bitterness.

"Want to know really what I've been doing?" Dillwood's voice was so deliberate, so level, that I just looked at him.

"I've just killed a man," said Dillwood.

Over across at the other café, you could hear the orchestra upstairs playing *Valencia*, faintly... *Valencia*... girls hopping out of taxis... the door of the Monde opening—laughter—closing.... An old beggar woman shuffled up to us, soggy drunk, in carpet slippers, her hand out silently... boy on the sidewalk peddling peanuts... "*Cacahuètes! Cacahuètes!*"

Now you know when any one tells you he's killed a

man—casually, like that—you're likely to take it as a oke. I was tipped back in my chair, smoking a two-cent Voltigeur, watching him. Was it some story Dillwood was working on, I wondered? I knew he had written some, or tried to, for the minor magazines.

"No," said Dillwood, without emphasis, "it's true."

Across the street, faintly, now, "*Cacahuètes! Cacahuètes!*" in the dark.

"Does anybody know it?" was all I could say. Of course it seemed absurd to take it seriously, but Dillwood's manner—I don't know, it made me feel queer, somehow.

Suddenly Dillwood had turned round to look behind him—then he quickly turned back. Just another girl it was, laughing her way out of the Café du Monde with a man. A pretty girl, though, this time, tall, richly dark, and with velvety, nice deep voice. A Miss Garney, she was, from Denver. As she looked over towards us, her laughter stopped short.

Dillwood had deliberately turned his back on her. As he tried to re-light his cigar, I noticed that his hand was trembling. He looked pretty ghastly.

He waited till she had gone on up the street. Then he turned as if he were challenging me.

"I killed him last night," said Dillwood.

The red hot coals sagged, sank in the brazier. The night was so cold. After a while I took hold of Dillwood's arm, and I induced him to come over to my room. There we sat in two easy chairs by the window, sat for hours looking out over across at the lights of the Café du Monde.

And Dillwood talked....

The French have a saying, "With an If and an If, one could put Paris in a bottle." *If* Dillwood's mother had taught him what his backbone was for, or his father had demonstrated it—*if* he'd even had a good, sarcastic sister

to laugh away his weaknesses—Dillwood's moral spine might have straightened out while it was young and supple He wouldn't have needed, later, so painful an operation. To be sure, when he came to Paris, he did have Luella Garney. But Luella was a busy girl, and she couldn't watch him all the time.

It was on one of those toy boats they call " swallows " that flit up and down the river through Paris—that was where he met her. Long and lean and slippery they are, and they steal silently along between the stone embankments and rows of fat trees, on the dappled, olive-green waters of the curving Seine. It was a gorgeous, gala Sunday in September. The boat was jammed with chattering, gesticulating French families with jolly lunch-baskets, and solemn, silent tourists with red guide books and blue umbrellas.

Dillwood had been having some discussion with a man about his seat. He had been in Paris only a week, and his freshman French didn't seem to work so well as it had in New Haven. Everybody on the boat was looking at him. A pretty girl got up, and, smiling, came over to him. In her free-and-easy Western way she offered to help him. After that, of course, he sat down beside her; and gradually he stopped blushing, and she began.

A warm-hearted, natural sort of girl, she was. Not one of those little painted peanut faces you see everywhere (and are sure they're named " Carrie "), but some one to make you look again and ask : " Who's that stunning dark sparkling girl over there, with that tall highbrow chap ?" Her deep brown-black eyes were so rich that it was some time before Dillwood—he was something of a prig—discovered that she wasn't, really, what he called intellectual. But by that time he didn't care. He was intoxicated with that magical " first time " feeling in Paris, and every time he looked at her he had to smile.

Those were the days when Dillwood was enthusiastic and energetic. He was ambitious and the pepper-and-

salt suit of Harris tweeds he had had made in London was still new. In spite of his tortoise-shell goggles, he had a romantic air, cocky, but endearing, and talking, talking with his hat off in the breeze. Luella Garney liked him so much that she confided her most sacred secrets—all her favourite cheap restaurants, "where no Americans ever go."

Something happened to Paris, that sunny, balmy day. It slid past them invisible. The great oriental two-horned Trocadero—Dillwood had made the trip especially to see it—completely disappeared in a rosy mist. On the rapt face of him, of her, was that look as plain as a beggar's placard, "I am blind." French people in public mostly mind their own business, and expect you to mind yours. Love-making in full view of the audience is as common in Paris as it is in Hollywood. But the Anglo-Saxon tourists on the boat—they nudged each other. They stared and whispered.

Under bridges they passed, they glided past little islands—or did they? They stopped at Grenelle and Auteuil, and, for all they knew, Hong Kong. When they rounded the landscapy curve of the river beyond Billancourt, he was protractedly examining her Louis Philippe ring. And Luella was twice as pretty as when she came aboard. They got off at last at Suresnes only because the boat didn't go any farther and they found themselves quite alone on deck, with the ticket man gesticulating.

Getting acquainted is a good deal like unwrapping a tamale—or a mummy. He may turn out to be a red hot lover, or only a dead one. Up in the little blue balcony of a *table d'hôte* place by the bridge, Luella began unwrapping Dillwood. She asked him what he did.

She had already guessed it, from his vocabulary and his goggles. He had been several years in an advertising bureau, but now he really wrote. He wrote stories. He had even had some printed. The best one, he con-

sidered very seriously (no laughing, now), was called *The Thing*. He told it to her almost verbatim. He told it with so much fervour that he swept over a bottle of red wine. It must have been a favourite rendez-vous for excitable young authors; the cloth was pretty well spotted.

Luella was rapidly falling in love, but she was hungry. So as she listened and watched, she picked delicately at her sole and potatoes. Dillwood was hungry too, but he was talking about himself; so his fish grew cold. While Luella was wondering how old he was, and if, like all the rest, he would end by trying to kiss her, she made out, vaguely, that *The Thing* was a swill-crazed Swedish scavenger (his hazel eyes, she thought, were awfully keen), and he thought garbage was wonderful, the Swede did ("I'll bet he got that tie in the Place Vendôme!"), and he spent all his Sundays in a sewer. There was a lot more to it; so much, in fact, that the restaurant cat ate all Dillwood's fish.

Luella thought *The Thing* was morbid. She preferred pleasant things—like the sunshiny river there, with the green trees hanging over, and the reflections in the water, and a man with his arm round a girl, out in a boat. Why didn't he write about something he *knew* about?

But as they walked along the river bank, the lovely river bank to Saint-Cloud, he explained, as to a child, patiently, that you can't write about pleasant things and be modern. Raw realism and no nonsense about it: that was Art. He couldn't see himself, for example, going in for pretty, prophylactic love tales. But, if you had been there, you would have seen him, nevertheless, going in for one pretty strong. Even while deriding her adolescent love for Dickens, he had, somehow, got hold of her hand, swinging it. And, just as he was declaiming heatedly that, why, an artist could make a work of art of a dentist pulling a tooth——

"Look at that cute little place up there, under that

wall!" said Luella. "Let's go up there and sit down on the grass a while."

Luella often saw interesting things that other people never noticed. That mossy little cove was completely hidden from the road.... But Luella wasn't letting just *any* man kiss her, the way girls do, in Paris. It was Percival Dillwood. In fact, by this time, it was only Percy.

But it's pretty hard to gag a he-talker, even with a kiss. So Dillwood kept right on about Realism, and Dillwood, and Proust, and Gogol, and Dillwood. All about *his* work, mind you; nothing about hers, until she pulled a smart little beige note-book from her bag and made a quick sketch of something she saw. Only some old red flannel shirts and faded bluish-green jumpers on the grass to dry. But Luella said she got original ideas from all sorts of queer things. And Dillwood discovered that the girl, by Jove! designed silk patterns, and, moreover, sold them. Of course he didn't realize yet how famous Luella Garney was in the silk trade, nor how much money she made. But he began to treat her a little less patronizingly. She even had to urge him a little, as they walked on up towards the boat landing at Saint-Cloud.

"But how do you——" No, she couldn't exactly ask him *how* he lived, so she merely asked him *where*.

He was in a little hotel near the Odéon, he said. But when he told her that he'd saved up a thousand or so—he had done really very well at the advertising game in New York—and had come over to be a real author, Luella looked as if it were bad news.

"Then you haven't published anything lately? Oh dear, you don't earn your living, now?"

No, but he was working on Something Big. He was going to call it simply *It*.

They were now on the boat, floating homeward, the million lights of Paris nearer, nearer in the dusk, the

Eiffel Tower, patterned with electricity, blazing like a gigantic totem pole.

"Oh, I suppose," Luella laughed, tucking her hand into his arm, "you'll wind up at the Monde, like all the rest."

But no, Dillwood would be too busy to hang round cafés, and loaf his time away like those devitalized expatriates she told him about. He had his name to make. *It* would keep him pretty busy.

They dined together that evening at the Negro of Toulouse, where all the waitresses smile. Already young people were skipping their mousse and prunes to secure good seats early at the Café du Monde. "Well, goodbye, Jack, see you at the Monde." And at the door: "Say, Anna, ask if they found my earring at the Monde, will you?" As they crossed the street, a boy in a low-necked shirt and his head shaved crawled out of an automobile the size of a baby carriage. "About midnight, at the Monde!" he called back over his shoulder. The Quarter seemed like a little village, whose post-office was the Monde.

Now it may be that you have never been to the Café du Monde? Well, you open the door, and—good heavens! where am I? A clashing gubble of tumult greets you—clockwork click of French and Swedish jabbering, Russian clucks, and flat, drawling Americanese. Mirrors, mirrors, bottles, bottles and glasses. Clouds of smoke. The stink of stale beer and vivid liqueurs. A confused throng jostles you, jostles you.

At first, you think you are in some small, private hell—all sitting about there—Latins, Slavs, Yanks, Chinks and girls—*are* they girls?—packed in, on leather seats, on chairs at tables everywhere, as if they were condemned. "Oh, they can't get out! They can't get out!" you feel like moaning. "Lost souls—doomed!"

Yet more and more are coming in to the din and smoke and smell, pushing in, crowding in, weaving

in, through, past, across, between, amid, amongst, about that congregation of the damned. Cynical, deft waiters with trays of sloppy liquids held aloft squirm this way, that way, like maggots in a cheese.

The tables are no sights for a good housewife. Each with its little dishes of poison, amidst a scandal of ashes, saucers, crumbs, puddles and peanut shells. Better not look down at the floor. Men smoking, women smoking, children. Legs, legs, legs. Sweaters and bangles and pipes and rings and whiskers and bare-headed bobs of hair.

Bang! and a big New York lawyer is hit on the head with a tray. See that artist there sketching an heiress from the Ritz? How can two nice old ladies play so placidly at backgammon? And always, always, a blinking poet writing free verse—or a letter to Buenos Aires—with pen and real ink at a tippy table, and being nearly knocked off his chair at the end of every line. A man is kissing a girl while she powders her face. A girl is fondling a boy who quite ignores her. A dog is smelling everybody's feet, a baby is crying, an unceasing clash and clatter and din, and nobody cares, and we won't go home until morning!

It was with a cold, contemptuous smile on his rather intellectual face, that J. Percival Dillwood leaned back against the leather wall cushion, looking like a young American Dante visiting the latest thing in purgatories.

"What's going on, to-night, anyway? Some gala occasion?"

Luella was nodding to an English author, a sort of bloated Shakespeare. No, it was just like this every night, she said. Speaking now, she was, to a Japanese artist (Lord, how you do have to shake hands in Paris!); and over across, a daughter of joy with sad eyes was smiling at her. And Luella said to Dillwood. "You're seeing life, you know, Percy."

Dillwood thoughtfully poured out a glass of Vichy.

Scornfully, he gazed through his goggles. It was about as far from life, he said, as a cubist picture. And he couldn't imagine how any one would want to come very often into such a pandemonium.

Luella cracking peanuts. Almost every one, she said, had that same idea when they first saw the Monde. She hadn't been in the Monde herself for two months; but she assured Dillwood that most of them there hadn't been anywhere else. Case after case Luella cited of men and girls who had come to Paris full of hope and pep and pash, only to let up and slow down at the Monde.

And she was pointing out two hatless little hags with wild, worn faces and runaway hair, lined, hardened, and she was telling him that only two years ago they were fresh young flappers come from Wisconsin for a "career," when she stopped, put her hand on his arm.

"Why, what's the matter, Percy? You look so funny!"

Dillwood's eyes were fixed. "Say, did you see that fellow over there, just now? Where the devil's he gone?"

"Some one you know, Percy?"

Dillwood, talking to himself: "Why, by Jove!—just like *me*, he was! Perfectly amazing! Might have been my twin." And then he lapsed into a moody silence. After a while, petulantly: "Say, Luella, do I look as much like a puritanical prude as he did, I wonder?"

She assured him that he looked like a genius. And so, after that, Dillwood looked only at Luella.

Now, this isn't a love story; it's the story of a murder. And so it will be necessary to skip a lot of kisses. Some say there are altogether too many kisses in Paris, anyway. If Dillwood, in a certain silk-strewn studio in the Rue Madame had sat with Luella on that big blue corduroy couch for another week, the Maire of the Sixth Arrondissement, in his red-white-and-blue sash, would probably

soon have made Percy Dillwood a happy husband, and perhaps a better man.

But mischievous Fate began to rock the boat. Luella was unexpectedly called to Lyons. The extraordinary design she had concocted from the old-clothes *motif* that romantic day at Saint-Cloud, had made a commercial hit. She had achieved the precise vendable average between the crazy Czecho-Slovak influence in decorative art and the timid demands of the American public for novelty.

Dillwood promised to have his story finished by the time she returned.

"Good-bye!" said Luella, at the station, "and be sure you don't go to the Monde unless you have worked hard all day."

It came on terribly cold as soon as she had left. But it's always warm at the Café du Monde. If you know what a sacred farce central heating is in a small French hotel, you'll hardly blame Dillwood for dropping into the Monde occasionally; especially when they began to call out: "Hello, there, Dilly!" "Come over here, Dilly!" (Lord, how you do have to shake hands in Paris!) "Meet Percy Dillwood. He wrote *The Thing*, you know. Clever." Dilly would sit right down and order drinks for the crowd. Dilly had a little money. Everybody liked Dilly.

Rather different it was, from the stupid old hard-working days in the advertising office. Now, when Dilly swaggered into the Monde, as the author of *The Thing*, and scornfully damned the writers of popular fiction, he was Somebody. And how he loved the good old lazy Monde talk—the talk of books that would never be written, of pictures that would never be painted. Pretty soon Dillwood was going about the Quarter like all the rest, bareheaded (but never, of course, without a cane). He too began to turn into the Monde with that elated, Prodigal Son air, as if At Last, At Last, I've Come Home

—Why did I ever Roam? Girlish boys in Oxford bags and lad-like lasses in "arty" earrings, smoking; dark, long-haired old black Santa Clauses with woollen mufflers, and flighty old ladies bobbed and bold of brisket, in flirtatious war-paint—every night, every night, joyfully they turn into the Monde.

Dillwood, of course, dropped in only in the evening, after he had worked. That is—until one afternoon. He had honestly tried to write. But his typerwriter stuck, and the girl in the next room was practising *Old Man River* on her ukelele, and—well, hang it all, maybe he'd get an inspiration at the Monde.

Now there are a lot of smallish, square columns at the Café du Monde. At first you think you can look right through them. That's because whenever a Frenchman finds a bare vertical surface, he always thinks he has to cover it with a mirror. Glancing into one (he was talking to a Brooklyn boy who was raising an amateur beard as the only possible way of becoming remarkable), Dillwood suddenly caught sight of something that made him stare.

By Jove! there he was again! The queer part of it was that the stranger was dressed like Dillwood, too, goggles and all. Same pepper-and-salt Harris tweed suit —perhaps more recently pressed, though, and with fewer spots.

Dillwood leaned forward, twisted round, to get a direct view. But there was a tall, thin Hindu in a turban (white), standing up, talking to a famous Negress, also in a turban (red), and Dillwood couldn't see. And César, the *blasé* waiter at the Monde, who has seen them come and go, seen them bloom and seen them wither —César, too, got in the way.

And so, while the bearded boy from Brooklyn (how young, oh how young he was!) was assuring him loudly that, gee, *The Thing* was as good as Gogol, and Dilly ought to write a novel (this was always good for one

drink), Dillwood was much more interested in that mysterious stranger. In the fugitive glimpses he caught in the mirror he might have been gazing at his own image. By the time he could get up and look round, though, his strange double had eerily disappeared.

The episode gave Dillwood a disagreeable shock. He went back to his chilly room and wrote fiercely for several days. When Luella returned he was vainglorious over five thousand hand-picked words, almost every one Anglo-Saxon.

"I think I'll do a novel, soon," he said cockily. "They say I have a splendid brutality of style. Why, we were talking about Joyce over at the Monde, this——" Then he stopped abruptly.

Luella looked unhappy. "Not this *afternoon*?"

Dillwood explained that he'd been out of tobacco, and so he had thought he'd just take a pad and pencil and work in the Monde a while, but——

Luella knew all the "buts." You go into the Monde to write, but—You sit in a lonely corner, but—You know you ought to stop talking and go home to work, but—— Still, Luella was awfully fond of Dillwood. Every evening, they dined together at the Negro of Toulouse, and they smiled almost as much as the waitresses. Every evening, amidst her lovely, those recklessly bestrewn, silks, she curled up with her big black cat on her big blue couch. And there Luella listened—listened as Dillwood in his goggles paced dramatically up and down her studio: a genius. Dillwood, creating his novel, *It*.

It, she learned, was a gentleman of sixty-five. *It* had been born with no open sutures in his little skull. The brain of *It* never having expanded, he had never learned to condition his reflexes, and he had the mentality of a child of two.

"Oh, Percy! Percy dear, don't you think that's a

little *too*—er—too——" Luella stroked her cat. "Why don't you write about something you *know* about?"

But Percy was a genius. One powerful study like that he assured her, throwing down his manuscript, a little out of breath, and the Quarter would know who J. Percival Dillwood was. He could walk into the Monde *then* with his head up. He would be "in the Movement."

It wasn't for very long, though, that Luella had the pleasure of listening to Dillwood's masterpiece. Her own more remunerative productions were forcing her, these days, to take most of her luncheons and dinners at Ciro's and the Ritz, where a Boston silk manufacturer was doing his duck-and-champagne best to induce her to go back to design for his mills in Massachusetts.

Poor Dillwood, without her sympathetic interest, grew too uneasy to be able to work.... He began to wonder who'd be over at the Monde, to-night.

One night he grabbed Zizi, the famous slit-eyed model of the Monde.

"Say, Zizi, quick!—look at that man over by the door, there, with a bottle of Vichy. Think he looks like me?"

Zizi wasn't what your sister would call an Awfully Nice Girl, exactly—she had too much kohl on her eyelids —one of those red white and blue girls she was—but Dillwood just then was trying to improve his French. Zizi gave a Parisian shrug and raised what was left of her plucked eyebrows. *Mais non!* She saw the Vichy, *ah oui*, but there was no man there who looked like Deelee. *Pas du tout!* Then she giggled and laid her eel-like head on his shoulder. Deelee must have drunk too many Amourettes!

After a while, though, Dillwood saw the stranger get up, wipe off his goggles, gazing about, coolly, and rather cockily saunter out. But it took so long to get César and pay for the drinks that by the time he got to the door of the Monde, the stranger was out of sight.

Dillwood had another spasmodic, enraged fit of work

after that. But it soon dribbled out. One night he got a chance to dine with Luella again, and he gave himself away.

It was about the time when, from every shop sign and advertisement in Paris, capital letters first began, mysteriously, to disappear. Dillwood had met the fellow Vox who had started the craze (he did the typography for Grasset), and Vox had advised him to have *It* printed entirely without capitals.

"Where'd you meet him?" Luella asked, quietly.

"Oh, I was just walking through the Mo de," said Dillwood.

And then it was that the sad, disappointed look came again into Luella's face. Walking through the Monde.... You just walk through the Café du Monde, you know, just to see who's there. And always the person you least expect in all the world to be there *is* there—or some one else (Lord, how you do have to shake hands in Paris!), and you usually stay till two a.m.

But not always. The next time Dillwood walked through the Monde, he walked out in a hurry. It was while Luella was still whirling about in taxis with the silk man (who was still urging her to go to Boston), that, towards ten one evening, Dillwood had strolled again into the Monde for a sandwich and "to see who's there."

The Queen of the Monde was there. She was a grandmother, with short, gray hair. She spoke seven words of French, and in seventy years she had never once stopped smiling, nor paid for a drink or a taxicab, nor called any one by other than his first name.

"What you looking at, Percy?" with her baby air. "What you see?"

"Say, who's that chap in tortoise-shell goggles, over in the corner, there? Look! Does he look like me, or do I only imagine it?"

The Queen nodded ever so brightly, and she said that

she was all out of cigarettes to-night; and why no, she didn't see anybody there who looked like Percy, and had he heard about Elise committing suicide, last night, in the Rue Delambre?

Dillwood, this time, was puzzled and annoyed. He sat there moodily studying the stranger. And the stranger sat in his corner, fresh and cocky and intellectual, looking over at Dillwood with a cynical amusement that was insultingly disconcerting. When the fellow left, Dillwood didn't wait for César. He tossed a ten franc note on the table (trust the Queen to gobble the change, all right) and rushed out of the Café du Monde bare-headed.

Dillwood followed the stranger down the Rue Vavin, along past the Gardens of the Luxembourg, to the Odéon. And, to his surprise, he saw the stranger turn into the Rue Régnard. There he disappeared.

The Rue Régnard is perhaps the shortest street in Paris. It contains only one house, a hotel. What caused Dillwood's amazement was that the stranger must have entered the very hotel where he himself, Percy Dillwood, had stopped when he first came to Paris.

Dillwood went in and spoke to a large, moustached lady in black beetly satin at the desk. But no, she hadn't noticed any gentleman coming in. Oh no, she was quite sure....

Well, there you have Dillwood, in the middle phases of the Monde disease. You have the sinister environment; the mystery; you have the victim. Now for the motive of the crime—and the events, as the newspapers say, that led up to the tragedy.

One night, along in mid-winter, Dillwood and Luella dined together at the Alençon, upstairs, "where no Americans ever go." You would hardly have taken Dillwood by this time for an American, though, with his Spanish side-whiskerettes, or yet Luella, either, slang-

ing the *garçon* in idiomatic French, brilliant with subjunctives : not to speak of the Gallic abandon with which they both sucked frogs' legs.

" Confound it, Luella, an artist has to have *some* periods of incubation, hasn't he ? Of *course* I haven't quit ! Lord, I can't turn out a big psychological work like *It* overnight, the way you do your designs, Luella!" As Dillwood expressed it, he had merely shoved *It* on to the back of the stove to let it simmer a while. And meantime he was thinking of another tale.

" Oh, Percy, not *another* story, before you finish——"

" I think," said the Genius, " that I shall call it—how d'you like *Wet Wool?* "

Wet Wool, she learned, was the tragedy of an interior decorator, whose wife made him wear long-s eeved woollen underwear... and when he washed his hands, his sleeves and wrists were always wet....

" Oh, Percy!" Luella exclaimed, " you ought to write about something you *know* about!"

That was the night the Horde, a band of inchoate artists of Montparnasse—those who exhibit on the sidewalks—were giving a costume ball at the Bullier. There was a picturesque hubbub at the Café du Monde. It was the first time, since their first visit there, that Dillwood and Luella had entered the place together. Now the riotous revellers were stoking up for an orgiastic night. Red Indians, mostly, apparently of the Bareleg and Cocktail tribes, and hand-painted Aztecs. The models wore merely opera cloaks. That is, they wore them while at the Monde.

But what Dillwood was looking at was Luella. Her face. Why, what had happened to her ? Her rich, dark beauty had become enlivened, illumined. It was a Luella he hadn't seen for months. It was the Luella he had met on that first, romantic day. And his arm —why, it was going round her waist again, wasn't it ? Not the way arms do at the Monde; but the way they do

under an old wall, sometimes, at Saint-Cloud. But Luella was looking across the room. And Dillwood, following her eyes, was suddenly chilled. Luella was looking at the stranger. Luella *saw* the stranger!

"Why how much he looks like *you*, Percy!" she whispered.

And Dillwood growled through his teeth that it was some cocksure conceited provincial, probably, come in to inspect the wild animals at the Monde.

Luella, more and more beautiful, "Oh, but I love that splendid, young, ambitious, energetic air!"

"Yes, I know. That 'Made in America' look." Dillwood dug into her arm. "Don't look at him that way, Luella!"

And then, all at once, Luella couldn't stand it any longer at the Monde. She wanted to go home.

And so they came at last to Luella's door in the Rue Madame. And Luella stood with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Percy, Percy, you have so much in you! So *much!* Oh, you could be so——!" and then she took his hand and pressed it impulsively, and Oh, she wished he *wouldn't* go to the Monde—not till he had really finished something, anyway.

"Why, I have to have some contact with my contemporaries, don't I? What's the good of being here—in Paris? There's lots of good talk at the Monde, Luella. Lots of fellows who are doing things."

"And a lot who aren't," said Luella.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid, Luella. I have to know all phases of life, you know."

"It's a phase of death," said Luella.

"Well, anyway, I'm only an observer there, you know, an author. I'm not really one of them."

Yet there was something in Luella's dark eyes, that night, that made Dillwood promise, just to please her, to keep away from the Monde....

And then Spring danced into Paris.

All up and down the broad boulevards, in all the parks and gardens, she kindled the plane trees, the chestnuts, till they flamed up in passionate tender green. All except the three dead trees in front of the Café du Monde, doomed to destruction, with red rings painted round their boles. There were days of balm. Up went the thermometer and women's skirts. Down went the franc, steadily down, down, and so did the drinks at the Monde. And on the shady upper reaches of the Boulevard Raspail, do you think those close-up couples on the benches were really discussing Plato? Some say there's altogether too much kissing in Paris.

Percy Dillwood, too, roamed up the Boulevard Raspail. And under that long, vine-topped wall, behind which the Ambassador's wife was murdered, there he tremblingly proposed to Luella Garney. And there, under that wall, he was refused.

She clung to him, though; oh, she clung to him just as other girls were clinging to other men on every boulevard in Paris, that starry night; and she promised him that always, always she would be his friend, his truest friend; but he really must take her home now. She had a very important appointment next morning with the silk man from Boston, and she hadn't yet decided whether or not she would go back to—you don't say America, in the Quarter; you say, "the States."

Dillwood, desperate, went to the Café du Monde and made a night of it. He made many nights of it. You saw him eating breakfast there at noon. Also supper at midnight. With the precocious bearded boy from Brooklyn (whose mother took in washing to support him in Paris), with dressmakers' daughters professing to paint, or studying French and Frenchmen at the Sorbonne, gentlemen with thumb rings and ladies with cigars, remittance men, hard lads and easy lasses; he joined the chorus of fatuous addicts who, day after day, continually

do cry : " The Monde gets everybody, but it won't get *me!*" The pleasant, easy-going, procrastinating life of the Monde. No hurry, no worry, no competition. Sloth....

Luella employed three girls, now, to finish her designs. She had her own telephone; and, what made her still more famous in the Quarter, she rose at seven a.m. And so you may imagine how cheap and seedy unshaved Dillwood felt, occasionally, when, sitting on the *terrasse* of the Café du Monde at the apéritif hour, he saw Luella go by. Now almost everybody, when passing the Monde in warm weather, saunters slowly, staring as if at an aquarium. What queer fish! What hats! What hair! What costumes! What polyglot jabbering and gestures! But Luella passed without a glance at the throng—the throng which was increasing every warm day, as more and more chairs, tables, were brought out, more and more, packing them in, crowding them in till they almost reached the kerbstone.

It was one of those summers when the Fourteenth of July lasts three days, and during that time the drinking and street-dancing all over Paris never stop. Japanese lanterns festooned in front of the cafés, everybody blowing horns and duck-quackers, and you waded ankle-deep in peanut shells. Five bands there were at or near the Carrefour, and they played till the trombones and saxophones seemed snoring in their sleep. Ten thousand times they played *I Want to be Happy!* Old men and young girls, your butcher, your baker, the concierge, all the smiling waitresses of the Negro of Toulouse, Chileans and Chinese, and two little girls in blue, they danced on the asphalt pavements till two in the morning, till three, four, five, sunrise. *I Want to be Happy!*

It was on the last hectic day of the revelry. Dillwood, sitting outside the Café du Monde, all at once jumped up.

When he got over nearer the band, he stopped—agog. Why, wasn't that Luella, dancing with the stranger?

Louder sobbed the saxophones, louder drummed the drums : "*I want to be Happy, but I won't be Happy till I make you Happy, too!*"

It was months before Dillwood saw Luella again. After she went to Brittany for the summer, he nourished a sulky, defensive mood. He still had a little money left; his fellow-geniuses at the Monde hadn't yet borrowed it all. He could take his time. Did he have to squat down at a desk like a book-keeper all day, to prove he was working? You couldn't harness inspiration, could you? After all, he had a right to self-expression. True, after a whole year, *It* was still unfinished; *Wet Wool* had stalled on page five. But Dillwood refused to admit that he was a Monde addict. He *wasn't* weak. If he only had Luella again to encourage him—if——

It was in November when, one evening, Dillwood, in his shabby tweeds, again climbed the stairs to Luella's third floor in the Rue Madame. On the first landing he stopped; he stared. Some one was coming down. Dillwood took the wall to let some one pass. Some one who was young and romantic and well-groomed, some one in tortoise shell goggles, with an ambitious, cocky look. And the stranger, smiling ironically, passed him by.

And so poor Dillwood didn't look very happy, standing there in Luella's now luxurious studio, holding Luella's hand.

"Can't we begin all over again, Luella? I'm going to brace up and really do something big. And if you'd only help me——"

Luella had withdrawn her hand. "My mother held up my father all his life, like a crutch. I won't do that."

She wandered listlessly over to finger a jumble of lovely silks on a chair—as if lovely silks on a chair could give her comfort.

"It is really all over then? D'you love some one else, Luella?"

"I'm afraid I do, Percy."

Up from the couch he jumped. He had a reckless, drunken swing. "Well, it doesn't matter then, now, where I go!"

The calm, cold look that Luella gave him, out of her deep, brown eyes! Never, perhaps, had Luella Garney looked so noble.

"Why don't you go to the Monde, Percy? There's awfully good talk at the Monde, you know. You've often said that you have to have some contact with your contemporaries. It may stimulate you to work—or to 'incubate', as you call it. And you like to talk about your work——"

But the door of the studio had slammed....

That night at the Monde men came up to him as usual, "Hello, Dilly"—they went away unanswered. Even his half bottle of Vichy stood untasted in front of him.... Dillwood was muttering to himself. "All right! If she doesn't care, then I don't. I don't. I don't care!..."

It was in a far corner of the Monde, over on the Rue Delambre side, that he was sloped down on a seat under the mirrored wall. The place was bubbling, kissing full when he had come in. Little by little the room emptied. Even the regular two o'clock drunks had at last gone over to the Café Choix. Dillwood was alone. Outside, the lights of the *terrasse* were turned out. Inside they were already half down. Only two waiters left, now; César, and a new one, a young Basque. Dillwood still muttering: "I don't care... I don't care...." They swept the floor everywhere save in his corner, and left the room....

And now it was almost three o'clock. Suddenly Dillwood looked up, under his scowling brows. Then he sat up, angry. By God! there he was again. The stranger! Over in a corner, there he sat, the sarcastic cocky stranger, smiling at Dillwood through his goggles....

And *he*—that stranger—was the one Luella loved!

An insane rage coursed through Percy Dillwood's brain. It was that stranger, that young Puritanical prude, with his conventional moralities, and his West 125th Street standards, who had got Luella away from him!

Dillwood muttering. "And he's come in here to laugh at me, has he? By God! I'll see that he doesn't snoop around after *me*, any more! I'll fix that boob... I'll fix him for keeps!... I'll——"

He saw the stranger rise and grin cockily over at him, take up his hat—then turn back for his overcoat.... Dillwood slid over noiselessly. Came up behind....

For one moment, one dreadful moment, looking into the mirror, Dillwood saw their two faces side by side —the stranger's face and his own face: so alike, so different. One so youthful, fresh and enthusiastic, energetic; the other twisted into a cynical bitterness. Then, the stranger caught sight of him, and laughed; laughed aloud at him in contemptuous superiority....

Dillwood gave a murderous spring... his fingers were at the stranger's throat....

Five minutes passed... the clock struck three... Dillwood slumped on the couch in the corner, looking desperately down at something on the floor....

The Basque waiter looked in. Went over to Dillwood. Touched him on the shoulder.

"Time to close up, Monsieur."

And Dillwood, throwing his old trench coat over his arm, walked stolidly out of the Monde....

In my room Dillwood had stopped talking. He sat helplessly, hopelessly staring out the window. Staring across the open Carrefour at the dark, deserted Café du Monde.

"Dillwood," said I, "are you *sure* that you really killed that stranger at the Monde last night?"

Dillwood didn't answer.

It was as still as any secluded village at night. Only

occasionally the wild, hyena laugh of some mad girl up the Boulevard, or the long, shuddering rumble of the Métro train deep underground.

"You know, Dillwood," I said, "Luella Garney is a very clever girl. She *sells* her work. And you know. I have an idea, Dillwood, that she not only cares for you a lot, but that when she sent you away from her studio, last night, she knew pretty well what she was doing."

Dillwood turned his dead eyes on me. And there came into his drawn, unshaven face, a wan illumination, not quite bright enough for hope.

I said, "You know how they teach kids to swim, don't you, Dillwood? Chuck 'em into the water, and let 'em sink to the bottom? If there's anything to 'em, they'll come up again, and strike out, won't they?"

Dillwood didn't move. I lighted my last cigar, and I said, "Be careful, Dillwood"; and now I was smiling at something I saw transfiguring his face, "that that stranger doesn't kill *you!*"

Dillwood, still mute, marched out of my room. From my window I watched him, in his wrinkled trench coat, stalk across the open, empty, electric-lighted Carrefour. I saw him cross the little Rue Delambre. I saw him pass the sinister shadow of the dark, deserted Café du Monde....

I went to Nice the next day. When I got back, Spring was again dancing through Paris. On the "swallow" I took, one sunny day, down the river, the love-making was as spontaneous as the blossoming of the chestnuts along the Seine.

The boat was so crowded that it wasn't till we had passed Saint-Cloud that I discovered them. That dark, handsome girl I knew, of course; but who was that romantic, cocky youth in tortoise shell goggles, talking, with his hat off in the breeze?

"Well, well, how are you?" I said. "At first I

didn't recognize you, Dillwood. I thought you were a stranger."

"I *am* a stranger," said Dillwood. And it was good to hear Dilly laugh again. "That other Dillwood you used to know—Dilly of the Monde, you know—why, I killed *him* that night, after he left your room."

Lord, how you do have to shake hands in Paris!

Luella flashed a big diamond on her finger. "We're awfully happy! We're sailing for the States next week."

"Yes, I've been offered a bully position," said Dillwood, cockily, "in the publicity department of a big Boston silk firm."

"And now," Luella laughed, "Percy's going to write about something he really *knows* about!"

When they left me, at Suresnes, I stood and watched them—walking along the river bank, the lovely river bank to Saint-Cloud... the chestnuts all in bloom... and occasionally they stopped for a moment....

Some say there's altogether too much kissing in Paris.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

WHERE HENRY JAMES NEVER ENTERED*

Both W. H. Howells and Henry James were men of letters such as America had not hitherto produced. Hawthorne and Poe had been acutely conscious literary artists too. But they belonged to an older and an other order of things. Poets and romancers had always existed. The modern novelist, surveying man and society as these actually are in his age and land, was the new and characteristic literary type of the age of industrialism and democracy. Howells and James were the first Americans to represent that type with eminent seriousness and high success. They added a concern for form to the scrupulousness of their observation. They regarded observation as a valid and immensely important kind of experience. They sought to reduce form, eschewing all adornment and vain beauty, to its one inherent function of rendering the all-important substance.

It is authentically reported that Howells called Henry James the greatest novelist that ever lived. He was of course not that. But if Howells, despite his limitations, comes off worthily, it can be said that Henry James, suffering from limitations even more intimate and crippling, sustained as a man and an artist at the cost of such vast exclusions, comes off incomparably and magnificently. He does not touch our hearts and very lives as

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a few contemporary novelists and poets do. He is as stylist, master of form, creator of a body of memorable work, however many excrescences and failures we lop off the final canon, the most eminent man of letters America has yet had to show.

All art, says Thoman Mann, comes into being "in spite of something," be it inadequacy merely or some over-acuteness of the sensibilities, or abnormality, or actual disease of the soul. Thus the artist's conflict and victory are more heroic than men can know. He fights with hands bound, with soul and body exposed, with lack of all weapons and defences that belong to the blessed average from the beginning. Milton blind and Beethoven deaf are only symbols, but eternal and universal ones.

Thus it is hardly needful to dwell upon an artist's lacks and insufficency and cruel exposedness to the shafts of life, unless and until an artist, like Henry James, presents the picture of limitations and lacks peculiarly devastating and yet triumphs not over them—they were too deep for that—but in despite of them.

It was in the middle nineties that Henry James published in rapid succession those two volumes of novelettes, of which each is a masterpiece, called "Terminations and Embarrassments." Several of these novelettes deal with the life of letters. To these, Henry James wrote many years later in one of the prefaces to the New York Edition of his works, the author's relation has a peculiar closeness. "The states represented... can be fathered but on his own intimate experiences." Of these stories of the literary life, "The Death of the Lion," as well as the somewhat earlier and exquisite "Lesson of the Master," is a wise and protective devaluation of things he could himself never attain; "The Next Time" is a just and dignified statement of the predicament of himself and those of his fellow-artists, who, doomed to high and subtle quality, can never hope for either contemporary fame or its reward, and yet, in their human lives and characters,

naturally hunger for the justification that both fame and its reward can give.

But there is another story, the first of the group called originally "Embarrassments": "The Figure in the Carpet," the interpretation of which is not so clear and plain. An enthusiastic young reviewer, the sort of foreground observer and relater of the story, such as James loved for the sake of perspective, meets the distinguished novelist, Hugh Vereker, at one of those week-end parties in a great country-house equally dear to the novelist. The young reviewer has written an article on Vereker's new book, which the latter, ignorant of its author's presence, characterizes off-hand : " Oh, it's all right—it's the usual twaddle! " Warned of the situation and filled with the compunction of a kindly nature, the novelist invites the young critic to his room and tells him that he is not unique in not seeing Vereker's creative intention. Nobody sees. All " miss his little point. " Yet there is something present in all his work, which is its central aim: " the very passion of his passion "; " it governs every line, chooses every word... the very string my pearls are strung on. "

Vereker refuses to give away his secret: to discover it is, of course, the critic's business. The novelist has come to be amused at the universal blindness to that which he most wanted to convey and goes on weaving the web which many admire but of which none sees the pattern.

It is needless to follow in detail the further action of the story. An acuter critic than the young reviewer finally discovers the secret of Hugh Vereker, but it dies with him as well as with the one person, except the novelist, to whom he revealed the nature of his discovery. But the thing—and this is important—was no mystification. He lived long enough to see Hugh Vereker and to receive the novelist's confirmation and blessing.

I do not raise the question: What was the figure in Hugh Vereker's carpet? The story is a story, a work of art:

therefore, concrete, and symbol and guide only in so far as the universal is to be found embodied in the particular. What Henry James conveyed is his perception that in the carpet of every weaver there is a figure, and that this figure is no obvious and intellectual intention or motive, no such plea or argument or attitude, as even the dulness of reviewers cannot miss, and such as must shift and change slightly from work to work, but an intention that controls every word, a force that shapes the whole and dictates his character. And that force is, of course, the artist's psyche—its innermost quality and inexpugnable trend. The story, in a word, is both confession and, on a high plane, mystification.

It is doubtful whether James was wholly aware of the figure in his own carpet; he knew that it existed; he knew that it was the deepest thing in his work, that it dictated subject-choice and treatment, substance and form, and that it was the constitution of his self.

What was that self like? All that has been written on him is nonsense: it makes no sense. Or, like the behaviouristic psychology, it flies impudently in the face of two-thirds of the ascertainable facts of human nature in order to be the mere bought servant of the cheap meliorism of an over-industrialized society.

Among the chief, if not indeed the chief new cognitions of our age is this: that in the psychical order, as in the physical one, cause precedes effect and effect follows cause. The succession is often hard to disentangle and the nexus obscure. The fact remains. Why did Carlyle suddenly, after "The Life of Schiller", turn from his honest, not inelegant eighteen-centuryish prose, and write undeviating "Carlylese" for fifty years? There was here a phenomenon of unconscious disguise, of fear, lest the figure in the carpet become too clear.... And Henry James, starting out with the simplest and most pellucid of styles, hid himself ever more and more in the folds and swathings and integuments of a hieratic manner and a

billowing cloud of words. The perspectives of his structural technique, which served to keep the ultimate actualities of his stories and his immediate reactions to them at a safe distance both from himself and from his readers, grew longer and longer, until at last one saw his people and his story but at the end of corridors of phantasmagoric extension.

For a procedure so extraordinary there must have been some cause. So must there have been for that early flight from his native country, for that long abandonment, for the infinite hesitation with which, at the end of twenty years, he consented to revisit the scenes of his youth. For Henry James had none of the ordinary causes for disliking those scenes. His lineage, circumstances, as an American, were such as to wed any man, especially one so capable of the feelings of a patriot, to his native land. Nor need we take seriously his implied and occasionally expressed opinion that the American scene offered few of the inducements or circumstances that make for art. This plea, which became commoner in much later years, turns out always to be the rationalization of either some weakness or inadequacy for the facing of both life and its expression in art upon comparatively normal terms.

Flight was the motive of Henry James's life and art, flight from his country, flight ever more elaborate and fearful from the rough surface of any reality down the dim lengthening perspectives of his structural technique, flight that grew ever more "artful," as he would have said, and resembled in his later years nothing so much as the quaint scurrying and flitting of the animal to which he compared himself: a still too susceptible and guileless old country mouse." Flight was his motive; frustration was his theme; flight and frustration intertwined were the figure in his carpet. But we know that men never flee *toward* but always *from*, and that the thing they flee from is not fate or circumstance, but the self

that cannot be reconciled with fate and circumstance, that cannot meet them. The only thing a man ever runs away from is himself.

We know—and without this the whole career of Henry James is unimaginable—that the family was economically independent. In his early twenties he began contributing to the "Atlantic Monthly" and so began his more than fifty years' complete and exclusive preoccupation with the art of letters. The drifting for long periods to Europe was soon no longer followed by a drifting back, the earlier Paris and Italian days were exchanged for permanent residence in England, a country for which he entertained so deep and indeed parochial a devotion, as to rob his flight from America of the last vestige of conventional explanation. He was the reverse of international-minded or cosmopolitan, and in his old age succumbed to the psychosis of war fever with strident abjectness. He warmly nourished indeed all the ordinary sentiments, being a kind friend, the most devoted of brothers, the fondest, as he would have said, of uncles.

The one thing wholly omitted from his life was any relation, however conventional, to any member of the opposite sex or any flicker anywhere, during all the years, of a personal capacity for what is ordinarily known as love. He was evidently doomed to bachelorhood from the start, not apparently to the icy and rather proud bachelorhood of Thoreau, but to a sort of gentle and consenting old-bachelorhood which grew softer and more oldish as the years went on. The letters of his later years with their withered effeminacy and elderly archness, with their "Many caresses all round," and their "copious embraces," and "I commend you all to felicity," and "fond chatter," and "I musn't rattle on," and "I am compelled utterly to *drivel*" and "one's *too* dreadful," are not very agreeable reading and, remind one of nothing so much as of a type of oldish bachelor, not unknown to university campuses, and other haunts,

who, his mouth and chin well hidden by a beard, never sallies forth even on sunniest days without umbrella and galoshes, and is credibly reported to spend his leisure hours behind closed doors in the confection, with needle busier than Penelope's distaff, of embroideries which in their exquisiteness and infinite elaboration may well be likened to the later prose of Henry James.

Let me at once repudiate any crude inferences from this account of Henry James. He was one of the most amiable and blameless figures in the long history of letters. On the basis of the ascertainable, I describe the temper of his psyche, the climate of his soul, in order to integrate expression with experience, art with life. To say that Henry James was a great artist is to say very little. To tabulate the devices of his technique or the verbal tricks of his style is an occupation fit for freshmen in a rhetoric class. He was an excessively peculiar kind of artist and it is this peculiarity, this special quality which must be accounted for in the degree made possible by our present state of knowledge.

He was a man, then, who found life and human experience hopelessly difficult of access. Hence he developed, in compensation, his faculty of observation to an unparalleled acuteness, and sharpened his sympathetic sensibilities so that, the proper distance and perspective being given, he could seem to appreciate the normal passions and predicaments of normal people, which he had never shared. From reading and social observation he wrung the last drop. He knew all that can be learned by vigilance and sympathy. But knowing, whether consciously or not, that nothing can ultimately take the place of participation, he developed that technique by what he "held most dear, a precious effect of *perspective*" and by elaborately beautiful indirection, which enabled him to describe passion without showing its sting, poverty without its direct pain and humiliation, self-murder without the agonies that must precede it, hopes

turned disastrous without the heartbreak that attends them, and all the actions and passions of mankind but as in their curbed outer gestures they affected an observer as acute and sympathetic, but as cool and as remote from life as him himself.

His limitations were all temperamental, not intellectual. He consented ultimately neither to the mad manners nor to the hypocritic moral gestures of his period. In the volume of short stories, "The Better Sort," published in 1903, in which his style begins to show the too high elaboration, corresponding to no necessary artistic function, of his last period, there is a tale called " The Story in It, " wherein dramatically and indirectly, of course, the whole case against the age is stated : " Yes, when I read a novel, I mostly read a French one, for I seeem with it to get hold of more of the real thing—to get more life for my money.... The novel of British and American manufacture seems really to show our sense of life as the sense of puppies and kittens.... When it comes to any account of a relation, say, between a man and a woman—I mean an intimate or a curious or a suggestive one—where are we compared to them ? They don't exhaust the subject, no doubt, but we don't touch it, don't even skim it. " Such was more or less Henry James's opinion from the beginning.

And though he himself treated but rarely and with infinite indirection the special subject of which he speaks, but from any immediate knowledge of which he was excluded, he was determined throughout his long career to show life at its significant tragic crises, and never avoided " rough subjects " as having no fitness for an American artist of the Victorian age. So eager was he to treat life at crucial and tragic points that, incapable of the delineation of high passion, he was occasionally tempted to melodrama, as in " The Princess Casamassima " and in the earlier " Roderick Hudson, " and was tempted again and again by predicaments arising from greed and by the spiritual sordidness arising out of material

considerations as in " The Pension Beaurepas, " " The Pupil ", " The Spoils of Poynton ", " The Wings of the Dove. " He could never be accused of shirking desperate issues or of twisting life for the sake of a happy ending.

In " Mme de Mauves " the French rake tries to push his wife into adultery; in " Washington Square " the tragedy of Catherine Sloper's life is in her incapacity for tragedy and truly high passion as it was to be so many years later of the protagonist of " The Beast in the Jungle "; in " The Aspern Papers " a great love from the past sheds its all but spent rays upon a sere, autumnal scene; in " The Patagonia " suicide ends the frustrate life of the heroine; " Mrs. Temperley, " a suave, managing woman, crushes young lives into a tragic futility; in that extraordinary story, " Glasses, " the destructiveness of vanity is pointed by a supremely poignant disaster; in " The Turn of the Screw " the destructiveness of moral evil rises, a ghostly vapour, from the depths of the universe; in " What Maisie Knew," we witness, indirectly of course, all the major corruptions of life; the huge fabric of " The Golden Bowl " is woven about an adultery of long standing and malevolent stealth, gradually and shockingly brought home to the consciousness of its victims.

And just as Henry James did not avoid " rough subjects, " so he did not avoid, but rather wooed and rejoiced in those commoner elements of the art of fiction known as story interest and suspense. That " love of a story as a story which had from far back beset and beguiled " him, was never far from his mind, and this fact contributed to the ever-increasing disappointment, culminating with the total financial failure of the New York edition of his works in 1908, with which he viewed the public's hopeless indifference. And many of his stories are in fact excellent stories as such and to the properly attuned reader the element of suspense is often quite steadily and quite movingly there.

What Henry James could, of course, never permit

himself to know, since the admission would have broken down the huge defence mechanism, by which the artist in him sought to disguise and compensate the lacks of the man, was this : that bold tragic subject-matter, not his wanting in all sincerity to tell a story, could make up to ordinary readers for that distance of his own from human experience, which he was forced to externalize through the indirectness of his narrative technique and the ever thicker swathings of his style. Except within a limited field of social predicament and experiences of the literary life, he was forced to report rather than, in one of his favourite expressions, to render, because when it came to real passion and true crisis, he had never, so to speak, been on the spot. He had never been within experience.

Hence he tells about it at second, sometimes at third hand, and it is not by accident that so many of his observer-narrators are either critics or painters by profession, since all he could report of the major experiences of life was their symptoms and gestures, and never the things themselves. As he himself put it in one of those many hundreds of perfect sentences scattered up and down his works : " Where there is a perpetual fast, there are very few crumbs on the floor. "

This reporting rather than rendering of his substance is, of course, familiar to all his readers; what has not been sufficiently noted is that slightly from the first, and overwhelmingly after about 1900, his characters converse, even upon the humblest occasions, in a manner not only verbally, but, what is more significant, syntactically so elaborate, that the expression of life even on its aural side fades at last to a continuous unemphasized and undifferentiated whisper within the monotonous vaults of those cathedrals of frosted glass—" The Wings of the Dove, " " The Ambassadors, " " The Golden Bowl. "

I have sought to define the character of Henry James and of his art and to establish, in some measure, the psychical identity of the man and the artist. His limit-

ations and their results should now be clear. In spite of these, he left a body of work which, when the largest necessary deductions have been made, is permanent in beauty, in subtle wisdom, in a quiet poignancy that never fails to reach the disciplined and tranquil heart. I know of no more unhappy symptom of the spiritual confusion of our immediate day than the noise, as of cracked trumpets, that surrounds the name of Herman Melville, and the silence which has fallen about that of Henry James. Let us sacrifice, at once, all of his work that is certain to lose rather than to gain by time and so, except for a few of the curious and the obdurate, to drift into forgetfulness. This perishable part will be seen, alas, to include practically all of his long novels, in which there is in detail so much wisdom, so much genius, and so much of the ardent patience of the artist. But by the very constitution of the man he could not fill an epic frame, for that needs epic substance, and epic substance needs great passions shown in action, and great conflicts and great developments. He began as a kind of American Jane Austen and achieved a perfect fiction in "Washington Square." But soon he strove after a deeper tone and a stronger rhythm, and for these he had not the accompanying matter. One has but to state the themes of his long novels from "The Portrait of a Lady" to "The Golden Bowl," and to compare these with the thematic material of great fictions, from "Tom Jones" to "Anna Karenina" and from "Wilhelm Meister" to "Buddenbrooks," and from "David Copperfield" to "Sister Carrie," or, to go into James's favourite field, from "Le Rouge et le Noir" to "La Terre," to realize that he had not the substance of life needed for the purpose of the great novel. Hence, except in "Washington Square," he failed as a novelist, and his occasional refuge in melodrama as in the French sub-plot of "The American," exhibits his uneasy consciousness of a lack of material. His strength lay in another field.

What he could do incomparably was to distil from certain recurrent predicaments and frustrations of life a quiet poignancy, an elegiac note of supreme loveliness. For this the shorter forms of fiction were his proper vehicle : the short-story and, above all, the novelette. He was in a sense aware of that, and made himself, in truth, the indisputable master of the novelette in English. He throughly understood this form, though his unhappy prejudices confined him to the study of French examples and robbed him of acquaintance with the many masterpieces in this kind from Goethe's " Novelle " to the works of Gottfried Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. Master of the short-story form, though he was able in his own way to give it at times even the final click demanded by editors, he rebelled against its " rude prescription of brevity at any cost," and was never happier as an artist than when Henry Harland founded "The Yellow Book" and bade him pursue " our ideal, the beautiful and blest *nouvelle.* "

It is significant that he began by writing novelettes, realizing from the first the fitness of this " shapely " form for the expression of his genius. His earliest narratives are all of this length and form, as was his first and almost indeed his only popular success, the now rather wilted and withered " Daisy Miller. " From his experiments in longer forms he returned, not without reason, very constantly to the novelette, following up at last even " The Golden Bowl " with a volume of narratives in his favourite form : " The Finer Grain. " And this is the more significant, since he very naturally suffered cruelly though quietly enough from his failure to reach any considerable public, and since the novelette is a form with which, in the English-speaking world, neither editors nor publishers seem ever to know what to do, trying to palm it off, now as a short-story and now as a novel. Yet James never tired in his devotion to its fine qualities : isolation of material and depth of tone, restraint upon over-elabor-

ation and yet the final effect of brimming fulness, the sustaining of narrative key and stylistic rhythm to complete satisfaction, but never to satiety.

If we regard one or two of his shorter and more successful novels, above all "Washington Square," as novelettes, we are in a position to isolate and name that body of beautiful and accomplished work by virtue of which Henry James's fame will be finally assured. Other lovers of his work may not agree to my specific selections. But the choice is large and the principle of choice the same. What we have then is: "Madame de Mauves", "Washington Square", "The Pension Beaurepas", "Lady Barberina", "The Aspern Papers", "The Author of Beltraffio", "The Patagonia", "The Liar", "Mrs. Temperley", "The Lesson of the Master", "The Pupil", "Brooksmith", "The Death of the Lion", "The Coxon Fund", "The Middle Years", "The Altar of the Dead", "The Figure in the Carpet", "Glasses", "The Next Time", "The Turn of the Screw", "The Great Good Place", "Broken Wings", "The Beast in the Jungle", "The Birthplace", "The Velvet Glove." I name these tales thus deliberately—an uncommon critical procedure—in the hope that they will be re-read and even republished thus and establish beyond cavil the place and influence of one of our very few American masters.

Of the marks of a master, a minor one if one likes, this selection of Henry James's work possesses all. The narratives named have, first of all, the mark of perfection. The theme of each is completely embodied in structure and tone, in character and action, in the seamless interpenetration of all these elements. Whoever loves the art of fiction as, all other things aside, a fine art, one of the finest and most arduous of the arts, will return to these tales again and again, and find them, whatever years and experiences and changes of mood and method may have intervened, as instructive in their fulness and flawlessness, in the felicity with which the intention of each is carried

out, as he did when their first flush of beauty met his youthful eyes.

How salutary for America and for American writers that, amid so much that is rude and fragmentary, powerful without form or pleasing without depth, we have one writer of whom this precious observation can be made. "It is really, at bottom, only difficulty that interests me," James wrote toward the end of his life. In each of these novelettes he met and vanquished a special difficulty. But only thoughtful research will in each case reveal the precise character of the difficulty. For it was indeed vanquished. He left no dust in his workshop. Each tale, however great the initial difficulty, has the high tranquility of tone that belongs to the completely achieved work of art, whatever it may deal with of human dismay or woe; each is embodied in that crystalline style, warmed sparingly but sufficiently by colours as of an afterglow; each has, to a degree rare among writers of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, an inner musicality of its own, like the musicality inherent in and interpretative of the narratives of Arthur Schnitzler.

It must not be supposed, however, that these stories of Henry James lack the ordinary attractions of fiction: their characters are not less memorable for being unemphatically drawn. "Washington Square" is richest in this respect. Catherine Sloper, Morris Townsend, and especially Lavinia Penniman, are unforgettable creations. But so, though more briefly delineated, are the Rucks and the Churches, especially poor Ruck devoured by his women, in "The Pension Beaurepas," and Porterfield who never appears in "The Patagonia," and Colonel Capadose in "The Liar," and the softly destructive Mrs. Temperley and the inimitable Meegans and the exquisite Morgan in "The Pupil," and the lustrous feeble Saltram-Coleridge in "The Coxon Fund," and the dead, unseen, faintly burnished and sinister Acton Hague in "The Altar of the Dead," and poor Flora Saunt in

" Glasses, " and the sucessful lady novelist in " The Next Time, " and the noble lady novelist in " The Velvet Glove. " Nor are these all. For by a few hints and innuendos Henry James will sketch subsidiary characters and project the whole histories of authentic, though in their nature faint and frustrate, lives.

Of action no less than of character these tales have their rich and sufficient share. Crucial things happen and tragic things. The technique is, of course, his favourite one of indirection and by perspective. But this reporting, as by the messengers in the Greek tragedies, which becomes intolerable in narratives of novel length, is fine and fitting in the novelette with its quiet initial assumption that all cannot be shown nor every subject exhausted, that glimpses and fragmentary reports which the imagination can weave more largely, must suffice. Here, in these novelettes, in truth, James's adherence to the Horatian " ne coram publico " gives the texture an added richness as of infinite implications, of vast wealth in reserve, and adds to the significance of what is said a constant beautiful sense of peripheral presage and implicit dream.

I must not pretend that Henry James, even at his best, always attains the vision that is necessary for the highest art. Too many of the predicaments he dealt with are those belonging to mere social conditions and conventions, and therefore have no permanent meaning. He regarded British aristocrats with a blank and painful awe, and the story of Lady Barberina, for instance, is not, as he thought, the story of a creature of a special fineness of strain, but of one of an impenetrable stupidity rendered the more offensive by not having at least the humility of her limitations. The stories of the life of letters fortunately escape this reproach almost wholly, as do a number of others in which frustration and tragedy spring from the inherent and permanent qualities of mankind. Such are " The Pension Beaurepas ", " The Liar ", " The Pupil ", " The Coxon Fund ", the incomparable " Altar of the

Dead", "Glasses", "The Turn of the Screw", and "The Beast in the Jungle." These stories and certain others that deal with the life of the artist in a rude and careless world are his finest. In them he is a master more pure and perfect than any other American, a giver of high delight and an example of peculiar preciousness.

EMANUEL EISENBERG

DISCOVERY OF NOTHING

Muted again because the insolent throat
Clamoured too shrilly for some one's inquiring fingers
Against the pulse; crumpled again and white
Because the blood displayed its joys and angers
Clearly enough for any one not friend
To know how he could most disastrously wound—

Muted and crumpled and white, you lie alone
As you have lain before and before and before.
O blood that was meant to linger darkly within,
O voice most potent when singing an unheard air,
When will you cripple the longing for violent touch?
When will you learn to control the facile reach?

Only when wounds have left you limp with defeat,
Only when pale for want of an even pulse :
For you are one who can vision the perfect state
In being frustrated from entering the false :
The worse the abuse of what you so recklessly give,
The surer your knowledge of what it is you
The surer your knowledge of what it is you have.

Lift, then, the voice that can find no ultimate rest
Until it is stifled by monstrously blundering hands.
And let the unremembering blood resist
No impulse, mounting and spreading until it finds
The vein prepared to burst in a sickening pool.
You will rise, you will fall—and then you will
rise and fall.

CHANT FOR AN OCTOBER TWILIGHT

Peace lies caught here.
Within the firm but uncrushing fist,
Peace lies, cold and sure,
Pale, clear, fine as mist.

Nothing you touch in your sensible world--
O sage, O fierce, O strong, O skilled--
Equals the peace I keep here,

Comforting hollow with nothing filled.
Who seeks finds only
Half of his wanting, oftener less;
Shamed, appalled, he swears this dole
Was all that he had ever hoped to possess.

I—O high, O bright, O wise—
Offered no more than a palm's hold:
Eager for all strange shapes,
The fingers yet left them uncontrolled.

Here, caught, peace lies.
It came gently, quiet and slow,
Because it had never been urged to come;
It stays because it is free to go.

Lose, then, your dreams; drown, then, the flame;
Give hunger and need a sharp release.
Find under the hand that will never grasp
The sweet nothing of peace.

V. F. CALVERTON

THERE WAS A MAN

Her dead body was still there before him. It must have been lying thus for hours now. Everything was just as when he first entered the room. The light came half-visible through the curtained windows on the east side of the room. It was still day then. Nothing had changed.

Was he really coming back to himself again? He reached down to touch again the revolver with which she had shot herself. It was cold as her flesh now. It seemed warm to him as he ran his fingers over it now.

All he knew was that he must fight this. Fight it every second or he would be destroyed in the same way. He had to tell himself this every second. Why—had he not been telling himself this ever since he had realized what had occurred? What had he been saying to himself all the time he had been sitting on this chair? It had become so much a part of him that he forgot what he was saying.

How could she lie there so still, even though she was dead? Even in death he felt somehow she ought to be active. It was unbelievable that she was dead. (How often he had wished she would die—but not this way! This was what he had feared most.) Every line in her face was calm. No doubt she had shot herself in as calm a manner as she would pick up a cigarette. Two bullets had been fired... there were still three left in the revolver... there had been no error in her aim... no nervousness whatever... why had she not left a note, or at least something? Something besides herself.

"Minna."

He was startled at the sound of her name upon his lips. He had uttered it only once since he had been in the room. He was afraid of it... he must not say it again. She was gone... it was himself that he must fight for now... or... or... no, he must not think of that... had he better not get out of this room... no, he could not leave her this way... he could not even move... how could she still hold him here when she was dead... could something live in her even after her body had stopped breathing... that was nonsense... but he had to fight this out, here, with her beside him, or he would only come back to it all again... he had to free himself at last by the sheer power of his will... either free himself... or... or....

It had all been his own fault... he should never have begun that way... but there was no other way with Minna... even as children when they had played together she had been that way... every one had given in to her.... It was because she knew how to wait, because she had a will that was stronger than steel. How often she had hurt him when, as boy and girl running up and down hill, she would laugh at his being forced to stop at moments on account of his heart-weakness.

That first time he had seen her on the stage; it was in a Shakespearian part—a part that later was to bring her an international reputation. Lady Macbeth! How she had walked upon that stage! No part had ever been written that fitted her so perfectly. Every one marvelled at her interpretation. It was not her voice that made her so successful. It was her poise. Her unsurpassable poise. He had not seen her for a year before that. She had undoubtedly forgotten him. She had not even answered his several letters. But she had lived in his mind every moment. He could see her name still bright against the face of the theatre. It was just like her not to take a stage-name. She had always looked upon her name as a great name, a name that would inevitably be spoken by

millions. To change it would have been to doubt her faith in herself.

Minna Lane

How familiar that name had once been on every one's lips. How pleased and yet how pained he had been to hear it become so popular. She had been so removed from him then. No matter how often he saw her the distance between them was never bridged. Often she became an object rather than a person. She seemed to have forgotten their childhood together. Only her eyes at moments seemed to remember. How madly he had rushed to her room after the performance that night.... And then her look as she saw him again... her cold-sweet smile which kept him at a distance without a gesture. They stood there, like obscure figures out of the past, seeming somehow to remember each other.

How he had striven to impress her! But no one could. Even her most ardent lovers had never been more than bodily agents of her desires... she had given herself just to watch them lose themselves in the thrill of her flesh... she had really never given herself... never... not even to him... her warmth always had something cold beneath it, even at its most glowing moments... she would never lose herself as did her lovers... she must always feel the superiority of the victor, even in passion... how many men had said that about her, even within the shadow of her presence... he had not believed it then... but she did not mind... she could not mind... even Ludwig Kinsig's memoirs did not worry her... she liked even the vicious things he said about her... she walked about always as if nothing the world might say could ever matter....

If only she had shown some annoyance at his insistence... but that would not have been like her... only a cold courtesy that said she was sorry when you knew she wasn't... he must have proposed at least ten times to her....

"No, I'll never marry, Adolf."

Her words were as firm the tenth time as the first and equally unperturbed....

And that very night... after the first time he asked her to be his wife... she had gone to sleep with Arnold Mendberg.... just because he was a great singer... and she had seen no cruelty in her act... nothing that should pain any one, not even him... she had done it with the casualness with which one would take a shower... every one knew it when they left... that was the first time he had wanted to kill her... why had she tried to pain him so then?... no, she had not tried to pain him... she just lived as if there were no pain in the world... it must have been so... it was the only way to explain her actions... if it had been only Mendberg he could have understood... but there was no cessation of Mendbergs... Alphonse Lictet, Angel, Arino, Ludwig Schlussen, Frank Manchell... and he had seen each one go out with her... in her own house... as she had sat there with the rest... and she had known he was there... he had been there every night then for over four years... but nothing could deter her... he was sure she inwardly laughed at his frequent proposals... no, she did not even laugh at them... she did not take them so seriously... she couldn't... how silly his words had been... it was, yes, he remembered, after the sixth proposal....

"I shall not give up hope, Minna. I shall be the only one who is faithful to you through the years; I shall wait until you need me."

Even when she had gone away to live with Ernest Listzenauer that summer—that fatal summer before she called him. She had been almost warm in her regrets... she was so sorry she would not see him for so many months... he knew it was a lie and yet she said it so sweetly that for the moment it didn't matter if it was a lie... it was her going that mattered... he thought she was gone for ever... especially when she did not return in the fall... he had been more afraid of Listzenauer than any of the rest... Listzenauer was human... the rest were only

artists... great artists but the greater they were the less human... they cared nothing about anything but the moment... he could see by Listzenauer's eyes that he was different... he wanted more than the moment... he would get his roots into the things he wanted... he was a strong man... he was more jealous of Listzenauer than of the other men... maybe it was because Listzenauer never bent to Minna's little whims... he had a will of his own... Minna knew that and he had seen her try every device to break that will... No doubt she had felt that the summer would see him her slave as well as the others....

If only he had known when she called him what had happened that summer... but he would have been just as helpess... he could never forget that summer... it was one of those hot, funereal summers when everything was ominous of something else... his brother had died that summer... a storm almost every other day... loneliness gripped him... he had scarcely been able to write... he had fallen behind in his contracts and when he had sent on a novel his publishers had told him that he would lose half his audience if he printed such a morbid work....

"What do I care if I do?" he had written them... he couldn't care very much about anything like that when he was so harassed by his loneliness... he couldn't keep his mind away from Minna and Listzenauer... he had seen them in a dozen scenes and a dozen embraces... he felt a hatred for her then that he had never quite felt before... he had wanted to kill her... the desire had never become a mental thing before that summer... it had frightened him... how well he remembered now... his love had turned into hate... he had fought it at first with all the energy he had... he was ashamed of it then... his attempts to speak well of her to every friend that he met... how silly... people laughing at him behind his back... telling everybody what a fine woman Minna was when they knew that he was in love with her while she was sleeping in the arms of Listzenauer... but he had gotten a relief from telling them

that... his hate had been abated... it had only been in the fall, when she had refused to return to the city to fulfil her stage contract that his hatred had become uncontrollable... he would shoot them both... those practice lessons in shooting his revolver... a part of himself laughing at another part... a whole city in a fury at her failing to return to its stage... her producer spending thousands of dollars trying to locate her... it was then that he realized that his hate had been make-believe... that his love for her was greater than ever... that he wanted her back even if surrounded by a dozen lovers... fall... winter... still she did not return... he would have committed suicide before the spring if she had not called....

That call!

Adolf Wintook shook like one caught between a chill and a fever, as the recollection raced through his mind.

"Adolf, I'm willing to accept your proposal now. I need you."

Her words came as from an inner part of himself. They were a fulfilment of what he had craved for years. Was his mind tricking him again? The telephone, an instrument of evil, he felt he could crush within his hands. Her repeating the words as if she had memorized them. He had not been able to answer her for at least a minute. Could he ever forget that final:

"Come."

It rose from his throat more like a gulp than a word.

She had arrived in less than five minutes... he had been sure that it had all been a delusion... she would never call... never him... never any one... it was too unlike Minna... it must have been his mind that made it so... it had to be... she had done this in one of his dreams... but never in reality....

Even the first sight of her did not convince him.... How she stood there then, still tall and erect, but broken.... She was still the same Minna, and yet was not. Something had happened to her eyes... he recalled still how he had

drawn his eyes away from hers at first... her eyes seemed to worry him, even frighten him then... and her hands... he could see them twist and twitch beneath her dress.

"What happened, Minna?"

What else could he have asked... he remembered still her look of scorn as he blurted out those words... He could see that she was using all her energy to be calm....

"What does it matter to you, what has happened, Adolf? Is it not enough that I have come."

It was that which her eyes said. She had come. Nothing more should be said. Nothing more could be said....

There she stood... he could see her yet... alive in every nerve, restless, and yet erect. He had not felt at ease until she had sat down... on that very sofa upon which he had often dreamed of her, inviting her with arms that had only closed on vacant air. But now she was here... the madness of it all... he wanted to touch her again... to make sure....

"We shall get married at once."

He would never forget how he had said the words... he had not wanted to say them, but she had literally forced him by her steady silence. It was she who had come to him this time... he should have lived up to the situation, if for the only time in his life... but even then she was master... distracted as she was, she still had known how to get what she wanted... without asking for it....

"Yes, if you wish."

Suppose he had not wished it then... but she would have gotten it in some way... there was no means by which he could have escaped... none... she knew this was what he had wanted for years... had he not proposed to her at least a dozen times... why should he have wanted to escape?... he did not know then... he could not have known... had he really suspected then?... impossible... it was the idea of her coming to him that way which made

him uncertain for a second... only that... he must have wanted for once to be himself....

In an hour the ceremony had been over... what a funny magistrate... a public official who had failed to be a militarist and had grown fat out of spite....

Never had he lived through such a night as that... how well he could still recall Minna's silence... she would say nothing till the magistrate was gone... yes, and how carefully she had seen that the door was locked after him... it was only then that he was first convinced of the great change that had come over her....

She was his wife....

It had taken him several minutes to realize it... Minna Lane, the wife of Adolf Wintook... he had gotten then what he had wanted for years... and then when he had gotten it he had not known what to do with it... how awkwardly he had sat there on the other side of the room... miles away from her it seemed... afraid to move, afraid to speak... he had not known what was living in her then... perhaps she hadn't herself... yes, she had known everything... even to the last shot... hadn't she even presence of mind to the very last to fire two shots instead of one?...

He must have had a sixth sense that night... how he had wanted to run, to hide... at the very time when he had gotten what he had craved for years... if it had not been that she had taken the initiative he might have... yes, he was on the point of leaving the room, and then the house, when she came over to him...

"Let's go to bed."

Christ! her words had literally startled him out of his flesh. Only she could have said them so. Of course, they would go to bed... but there was another way of saying it... this was not like her... but maybe this was another part of her that he had never known before... was she like this with all her men when she was alone?... it was impossible to even think of it... but she was this way

with him... he could remember still every thought that coursed through his mind then.

"Yes, you must be tired."

How absurd of him to say that... to her... just after they had been married... he saw from her look how absurd his remark had been... then he had wanted to repair it... he had even taken her by the arm... like one would touch a body in a dream, fearing always to awaken... he had just been at the point of apologizing for his room... yes, it was just at that time... when she suddenly crept so close to him that he had drawn her tightly into his arms without his totally realizing what he had done... before he knew it they were upon the bed... he had wanted for a second to release his arm, but she would not let him....

That night... many nights... mad nights... he had not been himself for weeks, no, for months... even then he did not realize what it all meant... never had he been so consumed... so robbed of every sense of self he had ever had... she had known many men... too many... he would have to stand the test... he was her husband... at last it was too much... she plundered him as an eagle its prey... it might have continued that way for months longer, and he would not have understood, if he had not become conscious of her murmurs... her muffled outcries... the first time he had heard it he did not believe his ears... nor the second either... not until he heard it many times...

"Ernest... Ernest...."

She was embracing him and adoring her former lover... former ?... how ridiculous... her real lover... he had never ceased to be her lover... why had she come to him then ?... if only he had known then, before it had been too late....

How many times he had decided to attack her for using her lover's name when she was with him, but somehow he couldn't... even now he couldn't understand why he had never been able to command her to stop... every time he had been at the point of mentioning it, her eyes had

fought him off... it was as if she sensed it on his lips and slew his desire before it could be fulfilled....

She had never learned to say "Adolf" with warmth... it was almost as she had always said it... except that often she had tried to cover up the coldness with a show of outward affection... futile show... he had seen beneath it all the time... he had never been deceived by it... they were husband and wife to others... they were strangers to each other... their bodies had met but they had never been one... it was all like the first night....

"Minna."

How often he had challenged her thus when alone —

"Minna, tell me, why do you act so? Why can't you love me as you ought? ...Why did you come to me at all? Come, let us face the truth... I must know, we cannot continue to go on this way."

Why had he never been able to say these words to her? her?... what was it that made him so powerless?.... yes, so afraid in her presence?... he was not afraid of others... it was only Minna who made him feel so... was it that he was afraid to lose her... that she would fly into a rage and leave him... would it not have been better, had it been so?... but he could not have convinced himself of that then....

Those nights when he had lain awake in bed, staring at her as she restlessly slept by him, clinging to his body as if it were a widow's cruse that could save her from harm... how often he had spoken to her then, hoping in her sleep she might hear... She... a living corpse beside him... he... a speechless skeleton that had masqued itself with flesh for the occasion... how often everything in him had been at the point of intense scream....

And then at last he had sent her that note, left it beside her breakfast tray in bed....

"Minna, we cannot keep on this way. What is it? Tell me. Why can't you love me?"

And then her reply... he could see it still, staring at him

on the face of the frayed piece of paper upon which she had written it :

" Adolf, you asked me to marry you. I did. I have been a faithful wife to you ever since. What more is there to ask of a wife, I pray ? That is what husbands want, and I have given it to you. What more can any wife say ? "

How well he could recall how he had cried when he had read her reply. Everything was to be as it had been....

No, he would not let it....

But how rapidly his resolve had weakened when he had begun to see her repeat certain things that at first he had thought were only accidental....

" What are you looking for ? "

He had been frightened himself by the look on her face as she had heard his words.

" Looking for ? What do you mean ? " she said with her eyes—and then — " Nothing, why, nothing, of course. It was merely my neck that worried me. "

That was the first time he had ever noticed that her voice could be harsh, except when her part on the stage demanded it. She spoke to him then almost as if she were Lady Macbeth herself again. The only other time she had ever spoken to him that way was when he had asked her if she didn't intend returning to the stage in the spring. Her " Never! " had still not lost its terror. distant as was its recollection.

Six times at that very meal she had turned around to look behind her, and each time he had looked too when she had turned her face toward her plate. That was the first glimpse that he had at what was really at work within her... that was the first time that he began to notice other habits of hers which he had only thought queer before... it had been naive of him not to have put all these things together from the first... but how was he to have known ?... these things had not all come out at first... she herself was not aware of them... even then he had tried to

deny their importance... explain them as eccentricities... how anxious he had been to prove that they were nothing more... he had not prayed for years... he believed in no God... and yet he had gotten down on his knees day after day and prayed that she might stop those habits of hers....

" Adolf, tell that man to go away. "

He looked... it was enough... he looked back at her... great God!.... had it come to this?... there was no man there... nothing... her face was of a deathpaleness... she seemed about to faint... her one hand was before her eyes....

" Go away, " he had said....

Adolf Wintook put his own hand to his head suddenly —he was startled himself at the fact that he had repeated the words aloud... here... in this place... with her dead body there before him....

Christ, what a struggle it had been... his words had soothed her....

" He is gone, " he had said, and she had looked up from her hand as if to make sure that what he had said was true. How well he remembered her sigh of relief as she continued to look. Her hand dropped to her side like a piece of unattached, dead flesh.

And then she had gone to bed and locked the door of the room so that he could not enter.

It was then that he had walked up and down his study for hours in torment... at last he knew....

He was married to a mad woman....

What had he to say?... what had he to do?... he had married her... he must take care of her... could he escape that?... had she known she was mad when she had come that night?... of course not... she did not even know she was mad now... she thought they were real things... the things she saw... could she still be saved? ...

How subtly he had asked the doctor not to betray the nature of his visit to her... but she had scented it at once... her superior sense... her sixth sense... she had driven him out in a rage... she had become Lady Macbeth again....

Then had begun the struggle in its newer form... its most horrible form... the form which finally he had not been able to fight....

Every day for weeks after she had seen a man about... once it had been a man from behind her... once at her side... once one that had his fingers about her, although she could not see his figure....

"It's no man, Minna."

"No man?..." her eyes said... "no man? You are no man."

There had been only one way to quiet her... only one... start to drive the man away... only that gesture would finally put her at rest... some days there were several men... how she had torn up and down the room screaming at these phantoms... all his servants had left him... they had been too afraid of her... even they had tried to drive away the man in order not to further excite her wrath... new servants had stayed only for a day or two... finally he had given up the hope of ever having servants again... and he had been left alone with her in the house....

He had dared not invite his friends again... he had dared do nothing until he had spoken with her... he had never been able to be by himself... she had followed him from room to room like a pursuing hound....

At least ten times he had been at the point of having her put away... but something in her look had stopped him... he simply could not... even in all her madness she had not lost her imperious gesture... she had still been able to halt him from anything with a glance or a word....

For months it had gone on thus... for months he had driven away that man... for months he had saved her at the very point of scream... for months he had watched her body... twist and twitch like a long insect struggling to loose itself from an obstacle of pain... for months... months....

"For months"—again his voice broke loose from him, a cry of terror.

For months... until it had all started to eat into his blood... he knew somehow, dumbly, or unconsciously, that he had to escape then... or never... and yet he couldn't couldn't... after all, she was his wife... she had come to him... she had needed him... he had not the courage to abandon her....

Then it had all broken... like a burst of cloud in his brain... he had fought it... he had denied it... he had spat at it... he had decried it... he had laughed at it... struck at it... but it had remained... it had stood there... walked there... danced there... lived there before him....

It had been the man... what man... no man... any man... the man she had seen... of course, it had all been madness... it was madness to go over it all now... it was better that she was dead....

But the man had been there... he had been there last night... this morning... before... yes, he had seen him... of course he had not seen him... there was no man... it had all gotten into his blood so he had gotten to see the man through association with her... that had been all....

"My God, there he is now!" and Adolf Wintook threw up his arms in terror, half-springing from the chair on which he still sat.

He must stop going over all this again... would he ever make his mind stop going over this vicious circle of repetition?...

There, he was gone... there was no man....

"There is no man...."

How the phantom of that man had eaten into him day after day as she continued to see him... then, he had begun to do the same things exactly that she had done... even when he had ventured into the streets he had always to turn around at every block to see if he was not pursued... there would be no more of that now that she was dead....

No more now... he was free....

"Free!"

But he had even developed the same shoulder twitches,

the same facial contortions... had he not been horrified time and time again as he had watched his face in the glass go through those same contortions that her face did... even when he had commanded it not to ?...

No she was dead.... it would not be so any more... he was free... free....

He had even hid his hands as she did... walked in the same desperately restless, listening fashion... heard things... felt things that did not exist....

Why had she been so silent all these late days ?... was it because she had been always planning this ?... this end ?...

He shuddered at the thought....

She had seen how every day he had done whatever she had done... how he had been changed by her... become like her... had she gloated over it ?... was there a cunning sanity behind all her madness ?... O, it had all been too mad to recall....

He must escape from this room at once... no, he had to fight it here... this power of her over him... he had forgotten to say " fight this "... he must begin again... fight this... fight her was better... no, it was this which she had done that he must fight... he must not do this too.... because she had done it... that was what he must fight....

How determined her face had become to the very last.. even more so on this very morning when he had left her for an hour... the hours in which she had done this....

Her eyes had always said... he could read it in them as clear as light... " you will have to do whatever I do. "

Every day that he fought it he realized it more clearly... she knew that he would have to bend... she knew that... no, she didn't know it... she did it all blindly....

It was only when he had become that way that he had found out from her what had happened... why she had become so... she had never admitted the truth of it... she was afraid of conviction... but he knew it... he knew it...

"You killed him," he screamed at her dead body, "you, you, you"— and his finger became a long, angling serpent as it struck at her in the now darkening room.

Yes... he knew... even if she had not put it in so many words... she had killed Ernest Listzenauer in the mountains... she had been a murderess... and now she would murder him... but he would never let her... he was free now... She was dead... dead... powerless....

She had killed Listzenauer because he had broken her will... made her love him more than she had ever let herself love any one else... he had taunted her with her love... he had made her need him... the first man, the first person she had ever needed before... her talk in her sleep had revealed what she had not confessed... he had known for many days now... it was good she had killed herself... she had been afraid the valleys might speak... that was the man she was afraid of... Ernest Listzenauer whom she had shoved off the mountain-peak... that had been why she could never get his name off her lips... he had understood it all now... Listzenauer who had kept her from returning to the stage... yes, he had known of Listzenauer's hatred of the stage even before they had gone off together... she had felt a weakness in Listzenauer's presence... he had not bent to her... he had even made her love of the stage surrender to his... foolish man, he had not known what kind of a mad woman he had to deal with....

"Mad." That was it.... Only a mad woman could have pushed her lover off a cliff for the sake of freedom.

"Freedom"—that's why she had screamed at him once as they both saw the man in the dark of their room at the same time. "That's why I did it, Adolf, do you understand? I wanted freedom, not slavery!"

Yes, freedom for herself but slavery for others... well, he would have his freedom now... she had enslaved him enough... she had come to him afterwards... when it had already begun to prey on her mind... when she did not

know where to turn next... she had used his kindness as a pretext for protection... he saw through her now....

She had almost made him into the maniac she was... but he was free now... two nights ago he had even begun to believe he had helped her kill Listzenauer... she might even have made him believe that....

If she hadn't shot herself there was no end to which he might not have gone... she would have made them both commit suicide together if she had wanted... he would have been unable to resist her... he looked at her body again before him... there was strength in her face even in death... he knew what she wanted... he could even see, by the half smile that had not left her upper lip, what she intended... she wanted him to do the same thing....

Shoot himself just as she had done... it was her death-command... but he would fight her... he had succumbed to her in life... but he wouldn't in death... he would show her that he had freed himself... he must fight this... fight here... laugh at her... sneer at her... kick her....

Yes, kick her... she had killed one man and would kill another... but he would defy her....

There, she had even left three bullets in the revolver... two for him... two for her... two for him... two for her... two... her ... him... it was such a nonsensical whirl... her... him... two... that was the way she worked... excite everyone by her presence... even in death... here, how she had wrought him up... when he ought to be happy, to be rid of a murderess... free at last to be human again... sane... no more man to haunt him... no more hands to hide....

" See ? "—and he held forth his hands before his eyes as if to convince himself of their motion.

He must keep his eyes away from hers though... there was no telling... maybe she wasn't really dead... but there were the bullet holes through her temple... she knew where to hit first... it was the brain, not the heart... what did it matter if you did live, if your brains were gone ?... she knew what she was about even in death....

But one thing she didn't know... she didn't him... not after she was dead... she thought she could make him follow her... as his eyes had deceived him in following her own... following her habits... her madnesses... but no more of that for him....

He would leave her here to rot just as she lay... no, he ought to bury her... but he must be careful... not to get too close to her... she might surprise him yet... there was no telling what she might do... even in death....

"What!"

Adolf Wintook suddenly sprang back in his chair, half-toppling to the floor in his alarm. Did her hand move?... it looked like it... was that her finger beckoning?... this was all nonsense... merely his eyes playing tricks on him again... she was dead, inert, powerless... did he not know that?... he was free... free to fight this... was he not stronger than she now?... did not the strength of living blood course through his veins?... was he not able to move hands, fingers, legs?... was he not life and she death?...

How still and dead she lay there... he would touch her... yes, touch her to show that he was not afraid... never would be afraid of her again... never... scorn the sight of her man... ridiculous hallucination... he knew it was that... he was free....

He would kick her if need be, to show his power over her... perhaps he would touch her revolver just to show her how strong he was... God, it was cold against his fingers....

It was a good revolver... it had killed her and freed him....

He turned quickly behind him... there was nothing...

"There must have been a noise," he screamed at himself....

No, you lie... you lie... you thought it was that man again... that man of hers... it's nothing....

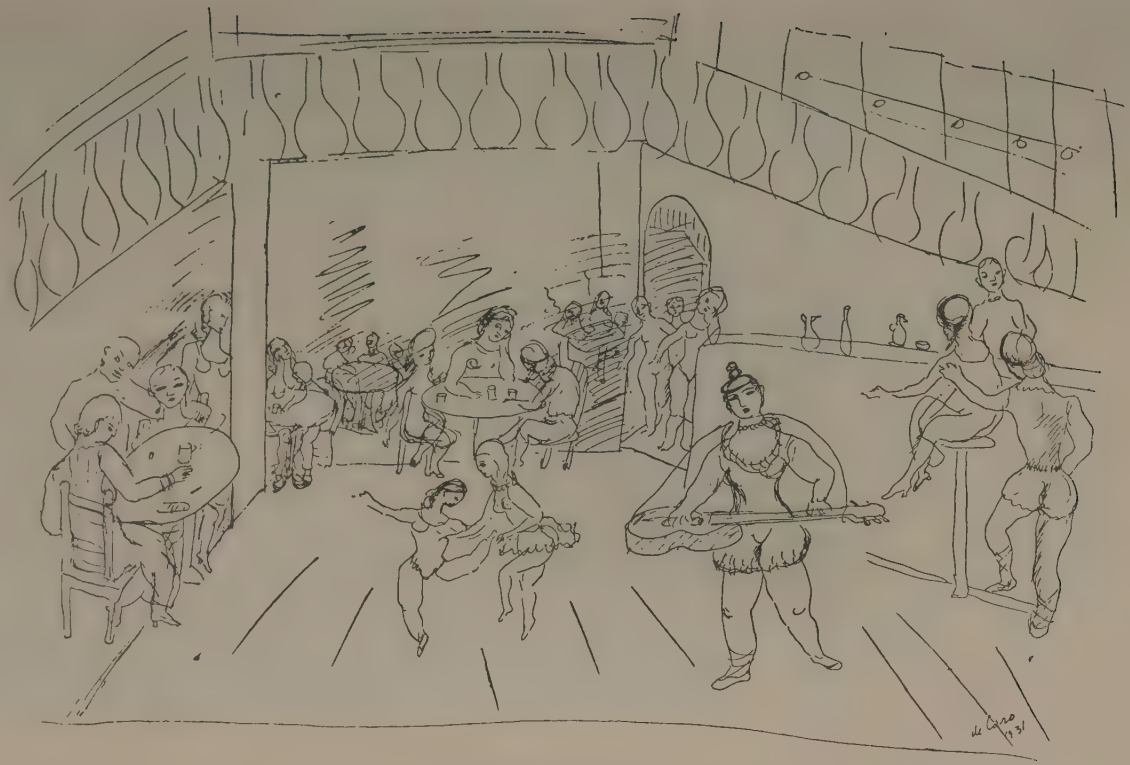
Adolf Wintook trembled from head to toe from the

effects of his scream. A weakness came over him that worried itself into his very fingers. He felt that he had to do something to keep the man from returning again.... He seemed at the very second to be moving within the shadow of the door....

"I'll shoot him, when I see him again," he shouted, "just to show him that he doesn't exist at all. I won't let him deceive me again."

As he lowered his hand to seize the revolver he felt the pressure of quick fingers against his arm. In a second he turned and shot.

In the newspapers the next day it was said that Adolf Wintook had shot his wife, and had died of heart-failure from fright immediately afterwards.



Drawing, by *de Caro*

ROMER WILSON

ON WITH THE DANCE

Told by George Clayton *to his crony* John Saunders *one foggy evening at the* Mitre Inn, *Chancery Lane.*

"You know, John, we had a clerk in our office, a four-pound a week man called Charlie Hart. I liked that fellow. Beyond the ordinary he was. I talk of him as if he were dead, but if he cares you shall meet him some day. Yes, in a sense, he is slightly dead, from the social point of view. He was a good clerk, yes, indeed, careless now and then, but in his way a genius. The strange thing of him as a clerk was that he never felt the difference between copying an affidavit and giving a pronouncement on a ticklish point of law, and casually he used to give pronouncements that made our name in the courts. 'You get Clayton and Clayton behind you and you'll catch a falling star.' Some one said that of him once, and it was a true saying. If he had only known himself, he might have sat the Woolsack, but he had not the craziest idea who he was.

"He had several silly habits; told his dreams in the office every morning, and advised whoever was present—bar clients—every time he went to the water-closet; told us how many letters per annum came from clients beginning with B. as against the rest of the alphabet; and he was a demon smoker. It was strange how all things seemed wonderful to him from the cat in the yard to a Bach Mass in Temple Church. He was fonder of music

than I am of golf, and as like as not spent Sunday at a concert.

"'As like as not,' I say, and I might also say 'as not as like,' if there is any sense in that. Having paid my subscription, I go down to Walton Heath willynilly like the soft fool I am, but he, though he loved music ten times more than I love clinking round a course, or ever shall, used time and time again to delay in the Green Park, like a tramp, with a five bob ticket in his purse, and for sheer joy of the green grass fall asleep on his belly.

"He was a four-pound a week man, but Tom and I ought to have had him for partner, only we could not have stood it. You see he was so exciting. Whatever he did got you roused. If Charlie Hart mended the fire, you got thinking of infernal flames or *Rheingold* or something like that, because he had them in mind himself, and his mind overflowed—not in talk, his usual conversation was as dull as a ledger.

"However, we could not tie Charlie up for money, and between us we invented him an uncle and a legacy and a mass of twaddle that gave him two hundred a year outside the office. Any other clerk would have gone off with a snook at our ground-glass door and either damned or made himself, but Charles remained with us exactly as before. We used to think he ought to have worked for the Bar—mind you, he was a full-term solicitor—but he never did.

"His accent was a bit off colour, and he had some peculiar words at his command which did not give confidence: always said 'magnaminious' for 'magnanimous.' At bottom, you know, in spite of a certain flightiness, he possessed a deep fund of sense that gave him at times a kind of second sight. I dare say he was wise about the Bar, he was a man of sense—except over women. And the bits of fancy-work he got entangled with beggar description. Yet you know, if ever I met Charlie out with a girl, and that was not difficult to do, I assure

you, I should be thrilled to the marrow somehow, and whatever she was, wherever I met them, I would expect to hear birds begin to sing or to see a rainbow bloom overhead, or I'd think of some tomfoolery like newmown hay.

" Strangely, he never spoke of his private affairs, never discussed women in my hearing at all, but, my God! when his love was on the wax, it swelled like an organ note through the office, boomed like the summer sea, and when he was cooling off, he would sometimes treat us to a spell of aerial gaiety or a fit of suicidal gloom. I believe in actual practice he was a most successful lover.

" He left us during the War, of course, and of course married above him directly he got his commission. I cannot imagine what that section of his life can have meant to him. In 1919 he returned to us as of old, and his wife blew away in a westerly gale. I suppose, like many another, she only married a soldier. I don't blame them. It is the natural thing. She was in Paris with him when I lent him to A. G., and as I say, she blew out of his arms in a storm. But what of it? He soon found comfort elsewhere.

" The singular thing was that none of his regular young women—I don't speak of his freakish marriage—gave him the least trouble. He was the one man I know who could have run a harem. Why, I have heard him in the middle of a madness for Maud say to his Flora on our stairs : ' Give us a peck for old time's sake! ' and I have seen them kiss, and she smack his face, and he her behind. ' Be good, sweet maid '—he'd cry. ' Maid yourself, ' she'd answer, and run happily downstairs.

" He could come into the office and go over to the grimy window for a glimpse of her below and exclaim, ' It's a good world !—What kids these women are, aren't they, Archie ? ' And the junior would whistle to warn him my door was ajar. But what did he care for that? He had said his say. You know he called my brother

'The Old Dud' and me 'Bismuth'—'Bizzy,' more usually. He was to the point. Tom wears his coats to a green blush and I chew the cud. If needs must, I take bismuth for it. I keep it on the desk next the red ink.

"I miss that man. I miss him. What the devil did he go in the bloom of his life and ruin himself for? I think his catastrophe has turned my brain a little. I suppose I loved the fool. I deplore his absence, and he can never come back. His jollity, his kindness! One Christmas he gave me a dog. I, of course, sent the usual turkey and a box of cigars. Fancy giving me a dog! A dog, sir! A mongrel hound, a pure bred bastard pup. I love that dog. 'There goes Bizzy Clayton and his dog.' They say that now of me at the Inn and I like 'em to, you know. It flatters me. Why the devil I like it I cannot tell you. My liking has something ghostly in it, something a little wistful, sentimental—especially towards five o'clock of a foggy evening.

"Here, come out from under, you there! Ho, Jack Frost, sir! What a mug! What a muzzle! He dines with me, you see, John. That's the dog he gave me. Down, Sir! In good time! All in good time! Saved the brute from starvation and landed him on me. Well, ultimately I saved Clerk Charlie from the gallows.

"It is no long tale.

"One night, as he told me, and he told me the truth, he went up town to a theatre with some pretty bit of jade. They had supper and some foul mixture called Beaune, and on the way home he sang aloud to his dear some song of Wolf's or Schubert's with German words, wrongish he sang it from beginning to end. Down Charing Cross Road and through to the Strand he went, singing like mad. The road was up near Southampton Street, a deep drain cutting; and a man near there shouted at him as he passed: 'If you can't sing English, don't

sing at all!' He turned right round and bellowed : 'Ich liebe dich!' and clouted the man over into the drain. The fall broke the gentleman's neck, and two inches of muddy water drowned any protest he might have made with his last breath.

"That is all. The girl screamed, the night watchman swore, and gave evidence enough to hang a Boys' Brigade.

"Well, I tell you, I was upset. I was determined, cost what it might, that Charlie should neither hang nor spend twenty odd summers and winters in jail. He had, as far as I felt, simply been a bit careless again. I told you he was given to carelessness. I could not do with the idea of our Charlie in the noose, I could not do with it—nor behind bars either. I could not abide it, nor could my brother Tom. So we briefed Gritworth for the defence and he was ready to hash up all chance of salvation on points. The fool was going to ride for manslaughter. It irritated me. One day, half in spite of myself, I said :

"'Manslaughter! What do you want with manslaughter when a man is decently mad?'

"'Oh, he's mad, is he?' barked Gritworth.

"'I bet you ten pound,' I snapped, 'if we can dig up his private papers—if he has any—but he is damned queer about his Privy Council—not only I, but you and the whole box of tricks will say he is as crazy as any one ever His Majesty let out at the back door of mercy!'

"'Right!' said Gritworth. 'Get them! It is a degenerate age.'

"Well, I asked him. Poor Charlie looked mad and pale that afternoon like a Memling martyr. He was not at all his usual self. The poor soul cried, and that upset me.

"He said he kept some private papers at the office between Perkins vs Perkins and Postgate vs Waine & Buchan. I told him that was all right; he could keep

what he liked at the office. I told him our line of fire and asked him what the stuff at our place consisted in. Any man's private papers are good boodle for a jury. All men exposed seem mad. I had a shock nevertheless when he said it was poetry.

" ' The very thing, ' I cheered him up, but my heart sank. Poetry of clerks is apt to be very tame raving.

" That night, however, I went down alone to the office and locked the door and got his poetry out of file. Directly I touched it I felt a bit oddish, there alone in the dusty office with the lamp casting shadows on the yellow walls. So I made up a brisk fire, and the old excitement came on me, got me in the pit of the stomach—I was Siegfried, or a great brute stoking a liner—then I drew my round chair to the blaze and read. When I had done reading, I took a glass of port and sat up all night wondering and wondering.

" I had expected stuff about spring and odes to his young women, but this you see here is what I got. Where is it now? Here we are. I'll read you a bit to show you how matters stood. Well, for a start :

' God went mad, made Earth and Paradise—
Repented. Tempted Abram. Did not dare
Stand by and see the incestuous sacrifice.
Tried Babel. Flood, and Flare.
Tried to undo his mad-work, was afraid
Ever to quite undo the thing he'd made.'

or hear this :

' When shall God steel himself for Judgement Day?
Where on he first must judge himself, and slay
Or save All Souls by what his Ghost shall say?'

and this doggerel was put down with a ream of stuff in that line. Look at this!

' Burn in hell, green soul!
Splutter, sapling heart!
God fears the whole,
I fear the part.'

Mere jingle. But this is what saved him from the gallows :

> *' Poor pitiful old beggar, what do you want?*
> *There is a beauty of winter in your woe.*
> *A penny to buy a world with? I'd enchant*
> *The devil's kindness if I did him know.'*

It is like Charlie to leave that decrepit line.

> *' But Holy Ghost has cast him up with God*
> *In one grand total of the damned and blest,*
> *And Even now adds evenly with Odd,*
> *And East and North are one with South and West.*
> *Old silly white-head! Dream of worlds and whine*
> *For Beauty gone with strife, and bend your back*
> *To carry this Corpse, this Me, this All-decline,*
> *Down among Has-beens in your dirty sack.*
>
> *' Kind sir! I begged a penny just to buy*
> *One little world to fill an empty sky!'*

That he called *God A-Begging of an Unrepentant Sinner*. And this which clinched his insanity for the jury he called *On With the Dance!*

> *' I am a young green fool with a smouldering heart,*
> *And I dance before the Ancient of Days bright Hinder Part*
> *Till I shine golden as Moses; and the sapphire floor*
> *Of Heaven reels upward, calls on me to adore.*
> *But I dance and I dance and will not fall on my knees*
> *Till God's wrath starts in His beard like a going of bees.*
> *But I dance all Winter and Summer till all time has sped,*
> *And I see the bend of God's back as he turns his head*
> *To look at this louse that I am. By and bye*
> *He cannot but look,—looks—and bewildered not to die,*
> *Up at him stares this fool of God-fooled men,*
> *Alive! I am alive! I may stare again.'*

" What do you make of him ? I sit wondering over him often. But I am clear on one point. When he is free from this Bedlam at His Majesty's pleasure, I shall try to make up to him somehow for having exposed his nakedness. "

THE FLYING COLUMN

THE OLD WORDS ARE DEAD

Paul Valéry, in a newspaper interview last year, spoke of a poetry crisis. An American critic used the phrase a few days ago. It may reach the Sunday Supplements soon. A poetry crisis comes when the old words are dead. And the old words die because the old emotions are dead. Language needs a vital emotional background to be alive. Emotions have to do with bodily reactions, and it happens that you cannot be physical unless you are spiritual, and vice versa; at least, not in poems. We go dead inside; therefore our words go dead. If one goes dead inside there is no background for emotions, either outside or inside. Everything vanishes. The old poems and the old words had a mythical background of nature and belief to draw on. The beliefs have dried up and the old nature has gone. That means that there is nothing really green for the poet about green. The trees lose colour. Every one and everything dries up in a world of talk. We still have trees, but they have become electronic, like Sir Arthur Eddington's tables. We still have grass, but it grows out of the pavements, or between them. It is something to keep off. The parks are fenced and closed at night, and the countryside is something that puts hills and plains between cities. The green it has is a measured wave-length accurately to be placed in the poetic spectrum. Poets found there weren't any objects, old objects. And the old way of making poems died. In order to make poems at all, poets began to look inside themselves. To find, after a number of poems, that if there isn't anything inside, there isn't anything outside. There is not anything alive anywhere for words to emote into being, either inside or out. The poetry crisis is the empty world. The empty world is the empty word. And the empty word is the empty heart. There is activity rather than vitality. That is when poems begin to squirm.

THE JOYCE CHALLENGE

When the new language of Joyce's work began to appear about 1925, it was a definite challenge that we were shot to pieces. It crystallized that for us like a bomb at night. Here, it said, are the dead things. Watch them squirm. This will show you how dead you are, and that you cannot hope to use the old words any more. To

ignore the significance of that No Man's Land would be a bit like overlooking Copernicus and using Ptolemaic epicycles to erect an astronomical system. Either poems stop, meaning that the poet has ceased to feel at all, or he attempts to do something about the dead words. He must resurrect himself to resurrect the language. In a different way Hugo was a challenge of this order to the French poets of the last century. And as a reaction from him we have the development of French poetry through Gautier and Baudelaire and the Symbolists into our own contemporary verse. The position of Anglo-American verse, and its influence in the world, will probably depend on the direction it takes to answer or evade the Joyce challenge. Goodness knows what the future reader of poems is in for. Besides Joyce, and his word challenge, you have Eliot and the structural challenge. These writers—or rather, these names, because they stand for more than their own works—can be credited with having killed the past, the old nature, and the old mythology, and the old way of making poems. We are beginning to realize that what they did kill was the past, a past in which both these writers have lived. Once dead, that past—like any dead thing—allows itself to be seen from different angles. We have all had experience with the way dead people change in our minds. Sometimes they accquire attributes they never had before. The dead thing becomes pure object and does not change to itself, and its whole potential consciousness of change becomes the property of the *living*. When the past has been killed it begins to revive in us in different ways. Once dead it has infinite lives so long as there are *living* reflectors for it. We discover the mythology of history. The human past itself and the history of human experience takes the place of the old, dead spiritual background. Poems get a new spiritual and emotional source for angels.

SYMBOLISM AND THE MACHINE

There is also the machine, the word that refers to to-day's contemporary present. For poems this means an enlarged vocabulary to include the terms of mechanics and the sciences. Poems are not written *about* machines, or about science, as objects. The emotional limit is the poet's vocabulary, and the machine acts as a technical dictionary to the emotions. It allows the poet to show how dead he is in a different way. The mechanical table means a different ritual of death. In poems, not merely words but things and processes themselves are symbols. Symbolism is a habit of feeling thought through words that makes everything an emotional counter for something else. To-day, every sign is a sign for death. Otherwise it is no sign at all because it has no sense of the world. From that point of departure the significance of the poem is the way its sense of the world is an arrow

toward the angels. The machine vocabulary as emotional background allows the poet to revive wings and other eternal subjects. Emotions seem to live again because the poet is able newly to approach them. He outflanks the old town along a new road and it looks as if he had never known it before. If he sees the sky as stainless steel you have a brand new morning. This is the metaphysic of the blade, and it allows the knife itself to be bright as a new ribbon. The poet polishes up the world into a new affair, and that allows the reader emotions, " new " emotions about the world. By the very fact that he flies through nature from the city, the poet allows nature to live again. He refurbishes the dead mythology of Pan and the ghosts of Tiberius's sailors with the urban myth, and you reach the electronic trees and the metaphysic of the machine. A word about those *living* reflectors. If death is the end of physics, you might use metaphysics for something that is between being dead and being alive, or what is reflected on the other side of death by those who live there. The contemporary poet is a metaphysician because he lives on the other side of deaths he has gone through. And if young folks of the future find these new emotions of ours a bit spooky, it is because they are not emotions of the pure beginning, but of the old reborn. They are ghosts of emotions. We are run down, but the machine is wound up and it communicates a new tension to us in which emotions have perhaps a once-removed effect, as if seen not in themselves, but in the nickel polish of a suicidal gun. Only it is we who shoot the emotions in order to have emotions at all. In the ancient tongue, we shoot the works. It is a brilliant game for the old born young, with a ventriloquist in a straw hat crying *VIVA!* at each shot, whereupon the soulful cigar pops in the middle showing it was merely saw-dust after all. And down from the flies floats—not a chorus-girl as angel—but a flower-basket of electric lights that sprouts in its automatically controlled breeze the red, white and blue waves of the national flag.

NEED OF A RESURRECTION

One reason that poets, including spectator-poets, think so highly of the Joyce or Eliot literature is that it showed them they were dead. They will always be grateful for that. Naturally, the poet has to die inside himself to show that death. If he continues to be a poet, he continues to be reborn.

The death of the old nature, what Lawrence used to call the old world and the old language, is a familiar story. First it was a patient etherized upon a table, shortly reduced to a pair of claws scuttling across the sea-floor, cutting the last seaweed with its scissors, and then leaving the dead body it had used.

The poet cannot use that crab again, not the pre-machine way,

not in the poem. That nature has been completely killed and buried for emotional purposes. It is his dead self. It will not serve for alive emotional geography. The only " emotions " it will show are dead ones. We have already been shown that we are dead. It should not be necessary to repeat the demonstration. Not the same way. It cannot be shown the same way. All the poet can do is newly to die again. He can show from what point he has died, how he has gone dead. The old nature may do for occasional picnics, not for poems. The poet cannot feel it with the intensity that the pre-machine poet did when he showed that nature was alive because he was alive, or dying because he was dying. He has to die through the machine now, or not at all. That gives an opportunity to put the old words together in a fresh way. You have machine-emotions—ghosts of emotions—or none. We manufacture machines ourselves ; they are our own handiwork in a way that the old nature never was to the old poets. That apparent schism between nature and man that allowed the old poets to affirm both and show their unity, does not exist to the same degree between man and his own creation : the machine. In using the machine vocabulary for the poem's emotional texture, the poet is feeding on himself. Inbreeding : the road to sterility. That is why the poetic direction is suicidal. That is why there is concern in high circles about suicide. The poetic direction is often the one the world takes, or reacts from. That is why the ideal of the poet might be to write no more poems. Poems to-day mean suicide. Either they are born dead by use of the old dead nature as emotional geography, or they use the machine as emotional geography and head toward suicide by inbreeding.

What the old nature requires is a resurrection. It cannot be resurrected without the machine which is now part of nature's total. The old nature will only be resurrected by the poet who knows it died and was buried. Otherwise you will not get a resurrection but a propped-up corpse. And that is what a good deal of our verse seems like. It does not even know that it is dead because it is written by poets who do not know that they have died. The poet must know what has been done; what is dead; what is alive; and what can be done. If he does not, he writes as an incompetent scientist would, if he began where Copernicus left off, instead of where Newton and Einstein did. Even with superhuman genius he would be lucky to arrive ever at what Newton and Einstein had left behind years before. He will never even arrive at being dead. He cannot because he starts dead. The bungler, who repeats Wordsworth or Eliot, is constantly repeating what it is not necessary to do again. There is an Occam's razor for poems. At best, one who ignores it works things out too much by himself, by devious routes, and may never wake up from his self-exhaustion to find that the world has died long before and passed on. That is why originality in the sense of uniqueness

is a danger. The original poet is the one who continues dying where the last man left off. He tries to continue the tradition. Unless he does, some one else is likely to have done so, and gone ahead and left him permanently behind, dead instead of dying.

Will the machine bring nature back to life? That is what the scientists are doing in their field. The point cannot be argued here, except to point out the possibility; and the fact that if the machine, and the machine vocabulary, is incorporated as a part of the universe, which it is, you obtain a new order of relations between all things in that universe. We may again see green as green. But never, never the old green in the new poem; only the new green, green reborn, machine green. The resurrection. The ghost.

It has been suggested that the word " poetry " be banned from international use for ten years. That is too mild. How can poets expect themselves, or their readers, or their critics, to stop using the word when they continue to turn out the stuff? Poetry should be banned. Not the word, but the thing. There should not be any poetry written for ten years. Then whoever is left might decide whether he is spectator or poet, and whether he chooses to go out with poetry and complete the suicide, or continue to live the endless clock of pure biology.

W. L.

FRENCH INSULARITY IN LETTERS

The *Nouvelle Revue Française* is moribund, to judge by the October number. This is a pronouncement we utter only after hesitation, remembering that for a number of years the periodical was unquestionably one of the most interesting and stimulating in Europe. But it is no good blinking facts. Duly allowing for the esteem in which the former editor, the late Jacques Rivière, must ever be held by both the staff of the review and its readers, we yet feel that his memory is very poorly served by the publication of Mme. Rivière-Leproust's recollections of her dead brother. With the pressure they are intended to exert on Rivière's widow we are not concerned. But in themselves they are insipid and inane. And it is with these recollections that the October number opens! Moreover, the remaining contents are not much better. We shall not criticize item by item, but surely there should be a protest against the decadence into which the feature called " Lettres Etrangères " has been allowed to fall. There was a time when the comments on English literature which appeared intermittently in that department were alone a reason for buying the review. But in recent years all that the " Lettres Etrangères " have contained on the subject of English letters has been more or less nonsense about Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, or Aldous Huxley. The " Lettres Etrangères " of the present number are no exception. They contain, as regards England, a review by M. Denis Marion

of *The Plumed Serpent*, which is only to be described as the flogging of a dead horse. We yield to none in our admiration of Lawrence, we in fact turn eagerly to anything written upon his work, and we are all the more sensitive accordingly when we find some one, as we find M. Marion, repeating what has been said *ad nauseam* and was originally not worth saying. Especially when he does so in a periodical which devoted obituary numbers to Conrad and to Rilke! The mistake the *Nouvelle Revue Française* is committing, when it seeks nowadays to comment on current English literature, is, we suggest, the mistake of imagining that only novels are written in England. Finding nothing to say of living English novelists, it repeats what has been said about the dead. This blindness to English activity in literature is typical of French insularity in letters. No doubt there is at present nothing whatever to be said of the English novel, unless it be concerning the strange "shockers" of Mr. Charles Williams. But, despite the reputed hostility of the English to what are known as ideas, that brand of literature which has been called, for lack of a more accurate label, criticism, is certainly flourishing. Why does not M. Paulhan (the editor of the *N. R. F.*) get somebody to introduce to his readers such current English books as, for instance, *The Greek View of Poetry* by Mr. E. E. Sikes and Mr. E. E. Kellett's study of the evolution of taste?

THE BOURGEOIS, BUSINESS, AND AMORALITY

One item in the October *Nouvelle Revue Française*, it must be admitted, M. Emmanuel Berl's "Mythologie Amoureuse," deserves to be excepted from the above indictment. It is at least mildly amusing. The classification of women in, according to M. Berl, the mind of the bourgeois, is a classification not unknown to print; but in the detail of M. Berl's treatment of this familiar theme there is freshness, and it is amusing. At the same time M. Berl does not succeed in making his definition of the bourgeois any more acceptable than he has in the past. One may grant that the bourgeois is not to be contrasted with the artist, at any rate in France. For, in France, the artist *is* a bourgeois. But M. Berl's own definition is no nearer being apt. It is: "The bourgeois is a man who has money and is respectable, and who is ever wanting to have still more money and to be still more respectable." This definition is unacceptable, because, so far as can be gathered from history, it fails to differentiate the bourgeois from the rest of mankind. As to money, nearly all men want more money, and there are bourgeois who have more money than they know what to do with. As to respectability, at all times and all places people living in society have had to consider the opinion of their neighbours.

A man of the Middle Ages who had been excommunicated by the Church was a man who had lost "respectability"; the notion of "honour" in the doctrine of Chivalry is a notion of "respectability"; there are conventions of behaviour among convicts which the individual convict dare not defy. Moreover, no society is more hidebound by convention or "respectability" than that society of which M. Berl is the covert apologist: the Russian nation under Bolshevism. Nevertheless, in stressing respectability, M. Berl does grow "warm" regarding a cardinal feature of life peculiar to modern times. In our extreme preoccupation with "business," we have been led to adopt the "morality" of Utilitarianism. An action is right if our neighbours tolerate it, wrong if they will not. Especially in business. Briefly, in business amorality reigns. Business is not moral, it is only "respectable."

AN UNTAPPED SOURCE OF 'CONFLICT' FOR THE NOVEL

In order to see a friend off by the four o'clock train to London the other afternoon, a man sought to operate the slot-machine which, at the Gare du Nord, issues platform tickets. But he had not the requisite fifty-centimes coin. So he asked the woman at the tobacco-stall to oblige him with two such coins for one of a franc. She denied having any either. He expressed scepticism, but she was firm. So he turned to the woman in charge of the bookstall. She too denied having any. "Yet," said the man, "if I buy a paper, how will you give me change?" "Oh, of course, if you buy a paper, I shall be obliged to give you change," the woman replied. "Then, when you say you have no coins of fifty centimes, you are lying?" "I don't mind lying," the woman said. Here, if you like, is "bourgeois" Utilitarianism. You may say the lie is a peculiar kind of lie, deceiving no one. Precisely: it does not offend the neighbours. But, nevertheless, it is still a lie. On the other hand, the truth, if told in this instance, would have been the truth, but it would have sounded less neighbourly. Now why we mention the incident is this. Although the amorality of "respectability" has been generally adopted, people must continue, at least sometimes, to be stirred by the promptings of "true" morality. For, whether you imagine that true morality is a human invention or whether you allow that it was revealed to man, you are unable to account for its having been so widely and enduringly accepted if you deny that its precepts call to "something" in every human being who has outgrown the age of innocence. And, admitting that, you are admitting that the "something" must have been a constituent of human beings logically before true morality came to be adopted, and if the "something" was there before, it must equally be there still, after true morality has been abandoned. The "something," in short, must be

fundamental to human beings. It follows that, at least sometimes, the merely "respectable" continue to be disturbed by the admonitions of true morality. Indeed, the moral and the "respectable" must at times be in conflict within a single human breast. And this conflict, we suggest, is untapped subject-matter for the novel. It is a conflict not to be confused with the conflict between plain good and evil, the subject-matter of, for instance, the novels of Balzac : that is quite different. Novelists have not so far utilized the conflict to which we refer. Yet no other is more "dramatic."

Mr. JOYCE EXPLAINS According to Mr. C. K. Ogden (the Orthological Institute), if we are to obtain from Mr. James Joyce's latest writings the values they offer, we must adjust our minds, and the way to adjust our minds is to learn Eskimo. The task appears formidable, and we wonder if Mr. Joyce himself could not suggest something easier. He, however, has hitherto been mum. Fortunately, Mr. Max Eastman, who some time ago gave the readers of *Harper's Magazine* the benefit of his views on "The Cult of Unintelligibility," has been in Paris and has talked with Mr. Joyce, and in the October *Harper's* he reports the conversation. They talked about *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, the prose-poem from *Work in Progress*, which has been published separately (Faber, 1s.) and of which also Mr. Ogden has got Mr. Joyce to make a gramophone-record. Joyce told Mr. Eastman he had spent six hundred hours in writing *Anna Livia Plurabelle*. He has woven into its lines the names of five hundred rivers. His motive was to give pleasure to others. Joyce recited the lines to Mr. Eastman, but Mr. Esastman does not seem to have taken much pleasure in the recital. We ourselves, we may say, have heard the gramophone-record on two separate occasions, and though on each we had a genuine if moderate pleasure we understood next to nothing. We noticed or fancied we noticed the name of only one river. Mr. Eastman did not even hear that; but later, by dint of careful examination, he discovered three and a half rivers. Mr. Eastman's conclusion is that writers such as Joyce and, for instance, Hart Crane, do not regard language as a vehicle of communicat on. They are content to prattle to themselves and they expect us—their readers or auditors—to take pleasure in overhearing them. They are in fact child-artists. Just as infants chatter away to themselves, so these poets—only they insist on writing the chatter down. We believe Mr. Eastman is not the first to suggest this; we believe a Mr. Wyndham Lewis said something identical a few years ago. What is valuable in Mr. Eastman's report, however, is Joyce's admissions. Because Joyce evidently does not believe he is a child-artist. As *Ulysses* described the life of a man by day, so *Work in Progress*, Joyce

says, is to describe his night. " In writing of the night, " Joyce told Mr. Eastman, " I really could not, I felt I could not, use words in their ordinary connexions. Used that way, they do not express how things are in the night, in the different stages—conscious, then semi-conscious, then unconscious. " This statement is capital. Evidently Joyce *does* regard language as a means of communication. Notice his saying " express. " Only he has never apprehended what communication means.

Line 16 of *Caesar and the Blind Men*, by Hector Rella, on page 157 of No. 1, vol. IV, should have read :

Above the mouldering stands metropolitan rafters

There will be published in later issues THIS QUARTER :

An Essay by *T. O. Beachcroft.*

An Article on *La Filosofia dell'Arte* of Giovanni Gentile by *E. F. Carritt.*

Poems, by *Kathleen Balbernie, E. E. Cummings, Ruth Peacock, Emanuel Eisenberg, J. M. Reeves, Joseph Gordon Macleod, R. L. Mégroz.*

Stories, by *Neville Brand, John Hampson, Isabel Wyatt, Waverley, Lewis Root.*

Confessions, by *August W. Derleth.*